

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 18, 1973

NIXON'S OTHER CRISIS





Once I was the twinkle
in your eye.
For the next 22 years
I was the hole in your pocket.
Now that I'm earning
my own bed and board...
I hope this bottle of
Johnnie Walker Red makes
me the twinkle in your
eye again.

Your Son,
Andy

Jon McConnell takes a seat at a special control console in the audio-visual center at Washington State University, faces a battery of TV cameras and monitors across the room, positions a close-up camera for demonstrations near his right hand, and begins his lecture on business law.

There are no students in the room with him as he talks. Nor are any cameramen, directors or TV technicians needed. Electricity gives Dr. McConnell the power to run his own show from the controls in front of him — and at the same time be seen and heard by hundreds of WSU students wherever they are — in classrooms, dormitories, sororities, fraternities, private homes or anywhere else the circuits reach.

This use of electricity in the audio-visual center is only one of many on the Washington State campus in Pullman.

Electricity also powers the computers and terminal equipment that let students check books in and out of the library with their prepunched identification cards. Electricity runs the memory banks that hold indexes of thousands of reports on hundreds of subjects and provide instant print-outs on specific subjects on demand by students or faculty. And of course

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Professor McConnell has the power to lecture in a dozen classrooms at once.



TRADE MINISTER PATOLICHEV (LEFT) WITH DAVIDSON (RIGHT) & TIME GUESTS

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



As relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union continue to improve, more and more members of TIME's editorial staff have been traveling through Russia, visiting sources long barred to Westerners. Our business staff has also been taking advantage of the thaw. With Special Correspondent John Scott, Chief European Correspondent William Rademakers and Moscow Bureau Chief John Shaw, I recently joined our nine international publishing and ad-sales directors for a six-day visit to Moscow and Leningrad. One purpose of our trip was to explore firsthand the prospects for trade between the Soviet Union and the West.

The authorities in Moscow seemed as eager as we were to exchange views. Foreign Trade Minister Nikolai Patolichev invited us to meet with him in his office. At a TIME luncheon, we had as our guests Deputy Foreign Trade Minister Nikolai Osipov, Dr. Georgy Arbatov of the Institute of U.S. Studies (Russia's leading America watcher), and Boris Karpov, the newly appointed president of the agency that controls all Russian advertising. In the House of Journalists, the Soviet press club, we were surprised to find that editors and reporters were quite willing to discuss such sensitive topics as advertising—which is limited almost entirely to announcements of trade fairs and industrial exhibitions—and even censorship.

Later, at Leningrad's Astoria Hotel, we had our annual publishing and sales meeting for TIME's international editions. While the discussions in Moscow had focused on the growth of Russia's foreign business, the talk in Leningrad was about our own. For TIME is becoming a truly global weekly newsmagazine. Each week 5.6 million copies are sent to subscribers and newsstands all over the world, earning more than \$140 million last year in ad revenues. Circulation outside the U.S. was 1.4 million in 1972, and annual advertising investment in our international editions has grown from \$15.5 million in 1965 to \$31.2 million in 1972. Some of the most dramatic growth has occurred in our new European edition and in our TIME Russia! Asia East Asia and Japan editions.

TIME Russia! Not just yet. But when the time does come, we hope to be there too.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Pinto Runabout.

It's the rugged Model A all over again, with a lot more carrying space.



Back in the 1930's, you could always count on the rugged Ford Model A to get you where you wanted to go.

But if you had to bring along much more than a toothbrush, it took a lot of imagination. And rope.

In today's Ford Pinto, carrying space is engineered in. The Pinto Runabout, for example, has a lift-up rear door, fold-down rear seat, and 41.3 cubic feet of cargo space. (See diagram.) With the seat down, the cargo area is more than four feet deep, and every inch of it is carpeted.

But, even more important, ruggedness and durability are also engineered into Pinto.



Everything about the Ford Pinto has been engineered and designed with durability in mind. From the ball-joint front suspension shown here to the special rust-resistant brake line coating.

We built Ford Pinto to be a basic, durable, economical car. With plenty of space in it to carry you and yours.

See the 1973 Pinto at your Ford Dealer's: two-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon.

Better idea for safety... buckle up!



The Pinto engine (left) was improved and perfected in over 10 years of actual driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world.

It's easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto body is welded into one solid piece of steel, with steel guard rails in the side doors and steel reinforcements in the roof. It's electrocoated to fight rust, and covered with five more coats of paint.



A four-speed floor-mounted transmission (left) is standard on Pinto. You can also get the optional automatic, of course.

The transmission is fully synchronized, and designed to be "lubed for life." All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.



Shown here is a 1973 Pinto Runabout with optional ivy Glow paint, whitewall tires, luxury decor and deluxe bumper groups.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

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Kings, 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.
100's, 23 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

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Our pop-up 8-track is only one of 7 models.

If you've got your mind on 8-track, we've got seven JCPenney stereo systems you can choose from. Why so many? We figure, while you've heard of JCPenney, you probably haven't heard much about JCPenney stereo systems. So we put all the things you're looking for into our stereos. Like outstanding quality. Solid, handsome design. Inside and out. And a choice of more models. To make our systems worth looking into.

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There are various reasons why a person may want to pre-arrange and perhaps even pre-finance a funeral. Some do it out of self-concern. Others in an attempt to assist their survivors after death occurs.

Regardless of the cause, it is always prudent to consider the possible effects on survivors. It should also be kept in mind that unforeseen developments and unknown factors — such as when, where and how death will come — could change original plans substantially. If pre-financing is involved, certain safeguards should be included.

The entire subject of pre-arranging and pre-financing funerals is examined in a practical brochure published by the National Funeral Directors Association. Its valuable insights could prevent unwise planning.

Six other NFDA brochures discuss: thoughts about the funeral, arranging a funeral, funeral costs, the presence of the body, the condolence visit, and children and death. You will find them all most helpful because they are based on experience, research and knowledge.

Send for your **FREE** copies today. You will be glad you did.



© 1973 by National Funeral Directors Association of the United States, Inc.

TO: NATIONAL FUNERAL DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION
135 West Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203

Please send me **FREE** copies of these seven brochures:

- *The Pre-Arranging and Pre-Financing of Funerals*
- *Some Thoughts to Consider When Arranging a Funeral*
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- *The Condolence or Sympathy Visit*
- *Someone You Love Has Died*
- *Some Questions and Answers About Your Child and Death*
- *With the Body Present*

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LETTERS

Watergate and the President

Sir / Do not expect a Nixon resignation. He has to stick around to grant pardons.
DAVID R. LINDBERG
Richmond

Sir / We need solid, stand-up men like Nixon. He will stay in the kitchen—he can take the heat.

SAM ANSHER
Los Angeles

Sir / I for one choose, as most Americans do, to put a shield around our President. Our man in the Oval Office must be protected. His goals are our goals, and no one in his right mind should prevent him from implementing them. Just do not push impeachment, because the country will not have it. Pushing our leader into a corner will only make a milquetoast President, which this country does not need or want.

HELEN MOWER
Irwin, Pa.

Sir / Watergate points out the intrinsic contradiction within presidential democracy. The religious reverence due a national figurehead and focus of patriotic allegiance is incompatible with the critical scrutiny due to a country's most powerful policymaker. One either concedes, "After all, he is the President," or one feels as if he has thrown mud on the flag. Perhaps it is not too late to consider a switch to parliamentary democracy, which is based on the principle that he who reigns should not govern.

CLARK BUTLER
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir / Rather than impeach Nixon, if it turns out that he lied about knowledge of the Watergate cover-up, I propose that Congress, or at least the Senate, pass a resolution censuring him for his conduct in that one matter. Neither impeachment nor resignation is desirable, yet such a resolution would express the country's indignation. With that done, Nixon could remain in office, chastened but not ruined.

JAMES F. ZAKTMAN
Niagara Falls

Sir / I used to feel one good reason for not impeaching Richard Nixon was Spiro Agnew. Hell, now I'll take Spiro.

JOHN NEALE
Atlanta

The Glass Eaters of Harvard

Sir / I can just see your Letters column with cute notes about glass-eating at Harvard [May 28].

Wait a current switch this is. Students are turned on by light bulbs. Humans consume lumens (debasing and revolting).

Do the more enlightened students get an A.C. degree?

Get high with grass, but get lit up with glass.

When you get addicted, it's hard to pass a light bulb.

Glass slivers give you shivers

When you gotta glow.

Thank God I'm too old to eat light bulbs or write such drivel.

BOB SCHWARZ
Allentown, Pa.

Sir / My Bedlington was just a pup when she ate, with no preparation whatever, some light bulbs—disdaining the filament and

socket screw. And I thought her wacky rather than precocious! Evidently it takes a Harvard education to garnish with Granola.

MARGARET C. NEWTON
Philadelphia

Sir / We read with interest, and then alarm, your article "The Glass Eaters." A standard tumor used in cancer research is the plasma cell tumor. It is induced in mice by implanting fiber-glass or spun-glass fragments (it can also be induced by other methods). Glass chewed into a "fine powder" creates lots of surface area and greatly increases the chance for an unwanted, unfortunate cell-glass interaction. The exact nature of this interaction is still not known; however, the cancerous outcome has frequently been observed. Cancer is an insidious disease. It may take months or years for the full effect of an "irritation" to become apparent. Therefore, we recommend that the glass eaters make a semiannual visit to the doctor for the next five or ten years.

PAUL FREIDIN
DENNIS RODRIGUES
Laboratory Technicians
Biometrics Research Laboratories
Tumor Immunology Division
Kensington, Md.

Feed the Germs

Sir / Your Medicine capsule reports the discovery that sugar can clear up bedsores [May 28]. Six years ago I watched an aide apply sugar poultices to advanced bedsores on an elderly person in a nursing home. Her explanation: "Feed the germs and they won't feed on the patient."

OLIVE FISCHBACHER
Sista Barbara, Calif.

The RAG-1 Men of the Year

Sir / Although there is perhaps a long road to be traveled before the bugs, so to speak, are ironed out of RAG-1, Professor Eugene Rosenberg's oil-eating bacteria [May 21] are probably the most important and hopeful news of the decade to a world on the way to suffocation, through the destruction of oxygen-producing plankton, by don't-care dumping and accidental spillage of crude oil at sea. An early vote for Rosenberg and David Gutnick as Men of the Year—and perhaps of the century.

J.C. ARMSTRONG
Singapore

The Absurdity of Alice

Sir / TIME did something that *Rolling Stone*, *Creem* or *Tiger Beat* have not accomplished. The article about Alice Cooper [May 28] was actually tied down to a rock of reality. The author performed the hitherto unattainable feat of escaping from Alice's absurdity without having his objectivity blurred. But still the entertainment value was recognized.

Congratulations— with special kudos to Charles Reynolds for the scary photos.

NOEM CRICOORY
Burton, Wash.

Sir / Your article on Alice Cooper was obviously written by one of the older people on your staff.

Along with some friends, I went to see Alice Cooper's concert in Tulsa, Okla. Everyone agreed that it was fantastic. The thing about hard rock, and Alice Cooper,

is that the performers don't just stand up there and sing. They put some feeling into their music.

TOMMY DURHAM
Prairie Grove, Ark.

Sir / Since the U.S. is a relatively isolated country and unlike ancient Rome cannot be invaded by barbarians, it is necessary for us to raise our own barbarians. Alice Cooper shows us that this can be done.

GERALD BLANKENSHIP JR.
Fresno, Calif.

Sir / A generation weaned on TV produced Alice [a minister's son]. Maybe a generation weaned on Alice will produce ministers. Who knows?

CHUCK REHMER
Enfield, Conn.

Farm Tragedy

Sir / It seems strange that in your article about farm conditions [May 28], nothing was said about the tragedy of a farmer losing his whole year's earnings because of inclement weather. No mention was made of the heartbreak of lost calves and flooded farm land. The whole gist of the story was the hope that food would be cheaper.

GERALD BROWN
Two Buttes, Colo.

A Misinterpretation of Medvedev

Sir / In your story describing my book *Ten Years After One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* [May 28], you were quite wrong in attributing certain statements to me, and in making some of your interpretations. I have never written that Victor Louis "planted a stolen copy of Solzhenitsyn's *The Cancer Ward* with the Russian émigré publication *Possev*," nor have I myself described

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LETTERS

Louis as "a special agent of the KGB." I merely wrote that some foreign commentators regarded him as such.

Moreover, I have written nothing to suggest that "perhaps the worst villains in the book are the Swedes." I made it quite clear that the Swedish Academy did everything to help Solzhenitsyn, including awarding him the Nobel Prize. Perhaps not everyone in Sweden was pleased, but this scarcely justifies your generalization.

I have made it plain that I believe I will be allowed to return to the Soviet Union, and that I do not expect any immediate measures to be taken against me. I now see that any troubles I may have in the immediate future can stem only from such arbitrary and misleading interpretations of my book.

JÖRIS A. MEDVEDEN
London

Selling the American Cause

Sir / Re "Advertising, The Cause Agency" [May 28]: while Adman for a Cause Maxwell Arnold of San Francisco was raising \$500,000 for an enemy hospital that was not destroyed, the Community Association for the Retarded in Palo Alto, Calif., faced a \$25,000 operational deficit, and I was rotting in my sixth year in a North Vietnamese jail. If Arnold cannot sell the American cause, he ought to go back to selling soap!

RICHARD A. STRATTON
Commander, U.S.N.
Palo Alto, Calif.

The Insanity of Infanticide

Sir / We do not look forward to the prospect of infanticide, the logical extension of abortion [May 28]. Just how do we reject all this insanity? Can we look to Dr. Watson to lead us away from this modern inquisition, this 20th century witch hunt?

TOM AND MADELINE SATWICK
Detroit

Sir / Why not push the time of "aliveness" back to the 21st birthday, the day when the law grants citizens their full legal rights?

Parents (and presumably the state too) would then have 21 years to judge whether a "nonalive person" was worthy of the status of life. If the adolescent were good looking, athletic, clean-cut, healthy and academically successful, the coveted status of life could be conferred. However, if the adolescent had some deformity, low intelligence, a criminal inclination or addiction to drugs, he could be denied life.

JOHN G. ARCH
Pittsburgh

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 18, 1973 Vol. 101, No. 25

AMERICAN NOTES

Eureka! Something Works!

The economy falters, the Administration trembles, the peace agreement becomes more tattered by the day. But one set of Washington policies is all happy landings: the Government's campaign to stop skyjacks is working. Ever since January, airline passengers across the country have had their persons, their pocketbooks and their hand luggage prodded, zapped and all but ransacked in a search for weapons and bombs. At times the policy has been abused, and passengers have been arrested as a result of the searches for a variety of unrelated offenses; occasionally, the metal detectors have been absurdly tuned to pick up loose change, eyeglass hinges and cigarette-pack liners. But it is hard to argue with success. In the past five months, not a single domestic airline has been hijacked, compared to twelve hijackings in the same period last year. Of course, a skyjacker could strike successfully next week, but clearly the Administration's measures are a success.

Only in America

Administration spokesmen have been insisting, with growing desperation, that Government business goes on as usual. So, apparently, do Capitol fun and games. Last week, during a time out in Senator Sam Ervin's Select Committee hearings, a remarkable confrontation took place on the playing fields of Washington, D.C. Sam's Sluggers, a softball team composed of the staffs of Ervin's various committees, squared off

against the Assistants, a pickup team of Administration and Executive Branch bureaucrats. Partisan politics were kept to a minimum—as were legitimate line drives and flashy fielding plays. In fact, the game was altogether less competitive than last year's, which had ended in a 20-20 tie and raised voices. The deciding factor proved to be the leaks in the Assistants' defenses, which might augur ill for the Administration. The final tally: 10-9, in favor of Sam's Sluggers.

Think Slow, Think Small

Remember the tiger the oil industry put in your tank not too many years ago? Well, the U.S. Senate has that tiger by the tail, and is trying to pull it in an effort to ease the nation's fuel shortage. The legislators last week tacked a "sense of Congress" resolution onto an oil allotment bill, urging states to lower speed limits on federal aid roads by 10 m.p.h. or to 55 m.p.h., whichever works out higher. The resolution, which each state can heed or disregard as it chooses, is based on the desperate but indubitable logic that cars burn up less fuel at middle-range speeds. The Administration's energy experts, who are flat-out in favor of the resolution, claim that a car driven at 60 m.p.h. instead of 70 will consume 11% less gasoline; a car driven at 50 will burn 23% less.

The legislators, however, chose to ignore the fact that Americans like to go fast, and that, however sensible, speed limits of 55 and 60 m.p.h. would be extremely difficult to enforce. Americans this year have bought more automobiles than ever—the majority of them still overpowered, low-mileage behemoths. A better solution could lie in the countertrend among the ecology and economy buffs toward lower-powered cars. In recognition of that trend, Ford Motor Co. last week opened a new \$100 million plant in Lima, Ohio, to build four-cylinder engines, which have not been manufactured in the U.S. since the model A's and B's of the 1930s.

Quad Angles...

Before breaking for summer vacation, students on U.S. college campuses had time to register an entire spectrum of response to the Watergate scandal, ranging from moral indignation and self-righteousness to sympathy and support for the President. Some called for the rescinding of honorary degrees and speaking invitations to Nixon Administration officials. For example, Attorney General Elliot Richardson decided



to cancel a commencement address at Georgetown University when threatened with a massive boycott.

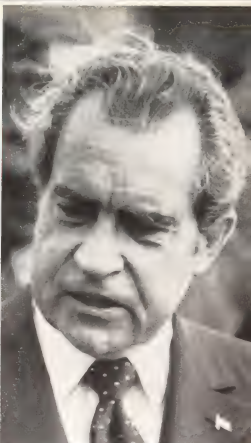
But the vast majority seemed to take a surprisingly measured, some might even say cynical view. Noting that the result of the spring 1972 student elections at the University of Southern California had been ruled invalid because of widespread illegal campaign practices, USC Law Student Pat Nolan shrugged, "All these real-adult-world aspects of politics are nothing new to USC students." Michigan State Senior Stuart Lachman put an even finer philosophical point on the issue: "Presidents run the country the way they were used to running things," he theorized. "Eisenhower ran it like an army, Kennedy like Harvard, L.B.J. like a cattle ranch, and Nixon like a business. Truman was our last great President. He ran the country the way it should be run—like a Missouri mule." That view would hardly bring agreement from businessmen (most of whom are appalled by Watergate) or from mules, but it reflects a facet of the 1973 campus mood.

ONE OF THE LOSING ASSISTANTS' RINGERS





HAIG (UPPER LEFT) & LAIRD (LOWER LEFT); FLANKING NIXON IN ENTERING WHITE HOUSE (CENTER); NIXON IN FLORIDA



THE WHITE HOUSE

The President Shores Up His Command

Stroking determinedly against the Watergate undertow that imperils his survival, Richard Nixon finally moved to give his Administration a new aura of openness, experience and professionalism. With plenty of outside help, he persuaded a highly regarded political pro, Melvin Laird, to become his top domestic affairs adviser. He coaxed a superb organizer, General Alexander Haig Jr., to resign from a brilliant Army career and become White House Chief of Staff. He nominated one of the nation's most proficient law enforcement officials, Kansas City Police Chief Clarence Kelley, to head the FBI. All three will fill vacancies created by the scandal.

In their personal styles as well as their career backgrounds, each member of this crisis-born trio contrasts sharply with the man he replaces. Laird, a 16-year congressional veteran from Wisconsin who argued unsuccessfully against some of Nixon's Viet Nam policies while he was Secretary of Defense, is a far more independent-minded adviser than John Ehrlichman, the congressional critic and highly protective Nixon loyalist whom he replaces.

Although always an obedient aide, Haig is more accessible and has more good cheer than his predecessor, the

dour H.R. Haldeman. Says one Nixon aide: "Haldeman issued orders. You work with Haig as an equal." A former assistant to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in the Johnson Administration and to Henry Kissinger in the Nixon Administration, Haig leapt from colonel to four-star Army Vice Chief of Staff in three years. He had been expected to head the reconstruction of the post-Viet Nam Army.

Kelley (*see box next page*) seems to have a far keener appreciation of the FBI's nonpolitical role than did the hapless L. Patrick Gray III, who failed to get Senate confirmation as FBI director because of his cozy cooperation with the White House in the Watergate investigation.

In a less encouraging move, Nixon rewarded the loyalty of his embattled press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, by making him an assistant to the President and giving him the title of Director of Communications. The latter job is being vacated by Herbert Klein, a Nixon associate of some 25 years, who was effectively cut off from White House power by Haldeman and Ehrlichman—and thus is unblemished by Watergate. Klein will become a vice president for corporate relations for Metromedia.

After thus shoring up his command, the President seemed to set out purposefully to create an air of normality. In public, at least, he was all broad smiles, and in private his congressional leaders and Cabinet members encountered an animated and attentive President. He listened to their complaints, nodded his head frequently in agreement, asked solicitously: "Are you getting enough political input? Are we keeping in close enough touch with the leadership?" From within the White House came the word: "The boss says we have turned the corner on Watergate."

Maintaining that same detachment from the reality of the crisis, Nixon picked up a two-year-old speech invitation from Florida Technological University—to the astonishment of officials of that 6,600-student Orlando institution. He delivered a bland and conventional commencement address without mentioning Watergate or the crisis in Government even once. Instead, he repeated his familiar 1972 campaign theme: "There is somewhat of a tendency to have our television sets inundated with what is wrong with America," he complained. "I think it perhaps would be well to start with the proposition about what is right about this



NIXON WITH GRADUATES OF FLORIDA TECHNOLOGICAL UNIVERSITY IN ORLANDO
Talking once again about what is right in America.

country. In the whole history of the world, there has never been a time I would rather be a graduate than in the year 1973 in the United States of America." The audience, hoping to hear of more topical matters, reacted with only mild applause.

While this degree of optimism seemed strained, the Laird appointment was a concrete and commendable step. It gives the Administration at least a chance to stem the continuing deterioration in its relations with influential politicians of various stripes. As Laird explained to *TIME* Correspondent Bonnie Angelo, the pressure on him to serve in this Government crisis kept building for weeks and came from Democrats as well as Republicans. "I had planned not to be here—but then I decided that

I kind of had to do it," he said. "It was people like Mike Mansfield and Carl Albert and Hugh Scott and Jerry Ford. The Vice President too, and Henry Kissinger and Ed Muskie and my Wisconsin friends, Bill Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson—the damn thing kept accumulating. Last weekend I was with the President at Camp David. Kissinger called me there. I told the President I thought I should do it."

Laird's perspective on his new role is a refreshing one for a Nixon aide. "My major responsibility will be first to be frank and to communicate regularly with the President," he said. "I expect to see him daily. It won't bother me at all to tell him something is a bad idea. I'm not around this town to win games. I've criticized the phony peo-

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ple who monkey around with status games."

Laird conceded that he does not expect to win every intra-White House debate. "I've been in the minority on many issues. You have to decide the position where you can compromise—that's what Government is all about." Not so subtly criticizing past White House operations, Laird stressed the need to cooperate with Congress. "If you just want to fix blame, that's one thing," he said. "But if you want solutions to problems, there's got to be rapport."

That kind of conciliatory talk is overdue at the beleaguered White House, although it may well be too late for one such sensible voice to mend much of the damage. Last week the criticism of Nixon's evasive and still unsatisfactory explanation of his role in the Watergate affair continued to mount. Some of it was coming from the political right, partly because Vice President Spiro Agnew would be an acceptable alternative for such thinkers.

Resign Demands. William Loeb, the ultra-conservative publisher of the *Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader*, joined the growing although still small group of those demanding that Nixon resign. "Looking at it from a perfectly cold-blooded, hardheaded standpoint," Loeb wrote, "Mr. Nixon has destroyed his credibility and his support, not just with the left wing, but with the average American. They have no confidence in his ability or his skill. They see him as a discredited bungler."

Moderate Republicans also were critical. At the National Governors' Conference along Lake Tahoe, Michigan's William Milliken said of Nixon:

Chief Clarence Kelley: A Dick Tracy for the FBI

In 1961 the Kansas City, Mo., police department was badly shaken by a scandal that involved its chief and two of his high-ranking officers. To put the department back together again, the state hired FBI Agent Clarence M. Kelley. He quickly restored morale, re-established public confidence and made the department into one of the most innovative in the U.S. Now President Nixon is calling Kelley, 61, to perform a similar service for the FBI, which has been badly compromised by the Watergate scandal and fractured by internal strife since the death of Director J. Edgar Hoover 13 months ago.

Kelley's three-decade record as a law enforcement officer has few blemishes, and his chances of confirmation as Hoover's successor by the Senate seem good. Some agents at FBI headquarters would have preferred that the new director come from within their present ranks and are skeptical about Kelley's ability to be independent of the White House. But his nomination pleases other senior FBI agents in the field of-

fices. They still consider him one of their own—one, moreover, who was tainted by neither the in-house feuding during the late Hoover years nor by the controversy over Nixon's first choice for the job, L. Patrick Gray. Kelley has a reputation for being independent of politics—though associates consider him somewhat conservative. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Ken Huff, he declared: "I have not bowed at any time to pressure, and I will not bow to pressure in the future."

A Rotarian and former Sunday school teacher, the silver-haired native of Kansas City occasionally gardens but has few interests outside of his work, his wife Ruby, two grown children and two grandchildren. Those who work with him say he is affable, even-tempered and taciturn. In high school he was nicknamed "Chief" because his slightly stooped frame (6 ft., 200 lbs.) resembled a cigar-store Indian silhouette. Now, behind his back, subordinates call him Dick Tracy because of his fond-

ness for technological gadgetry (such as Kansas City's computerized information system and helicopter patrol, which he instituted) and his square-jawed resemblance to the comic-strip cop.

The son of an electrical engineer, Kelley obtained his law degree from the University of Kansas City in 1940 and immediately joined the FBI. By the time he resigned in 1961, he had served in ten different cities and risen to special agent in charge of the FBI office in Memphis. Last year he supervised security for both the Democratic and Republican conventions in Miami Beach. As police chief, Kelley won the support of every group except Kansas City's black minority.

They still blame him for the deaths of six blacks during two days of rioting in 1968. In a statement, Freedom, Inc., a local civil rights group, charges: "His unyielding position on law and order contributed fuel to the fiery 1968 riots instead of quenching them." Kelley disagrees, saying that his hard-nosed approach kept them from being worse

"If there's anything that remains unsaid or unknown, he ought to say it, no matter how painful or destructive to him. It has dribbled out—a little each day," Washington's Daniel Evans agreed. "Good grief, it's painful. I win every time there's a new statement from the White House. I want to believe the President, but I find myself more and more distressed every day as new information comes out. We need a full laying out of what the President knows."

Clearly, Nixon's last attempt to explain Watergate, his lengthy White Paper of May 22, satisfied almost no one who critically examined it. In the document, he claimed that any moves he made that might have looked like an attempt to cover up White House involvement in the various Watergate-related activities were really intended to protect "national security." Even Nixon's new Attorney General, Elliot Richardson, declared last week: "I think the national security justification, even as put forward by the people who were directly involved, is not convincing."

Most devastating to that defense was the publication of a series of CIA memos detailing conversations between CIA officials, Acting FBI Director Gray and White House Aides Ehrlichman, Haldeman and John Dean. Repeatedly, these discussions concerned ways in which the CIA could be used to keep the FBI investigation limited or to help keep the arrested Watergate conspirators from implicating higher officials. Always, the conversations were couched in political terms rather than in any regard for national security. The implication of the talks was that i) Nixon had failed utterly to convey his con-

cern for national security, or 2) these officials on their own had decided that politics was the priority aim, or 3) Nixon's security explanation was contrived after the fact.

Those documents also tended to undercut the emerging White House attempts to portray Ehrlichman and Haldeman as acting on Watergate only in response to the President's concern over security, while lesser aides became overzealous about political considerations. Pretrial depositions by Ehrlichman and Haldeman in a Democratic civil suit over the Watergate activities were released last week, and in sum they pointed to former Attorney General John Mitchell and Counsel Dean as the high officials most deeply involved.

Furious Infighting. Yet the innocence of Ehrlichman and Haldeman apparently will face a further challenge from Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's dismissed personal attorney. Kalmbach has told Justice Department prosecutors that he will be a Government witness against Haldeman and Ehrlichman if they are indicted, as expected, for obstruction of justice. Kalmbach handled large amounts of campaign cash that apparently were used to finance disruption of Democratic campaigns and pay hush money to the convicted Watergate wiretappers. He reportedly will claim that Ehrlichman authorized the payoffs and that Haldeman supervised Kalmbach's handling of campaign funds.

As the furious infighting continued among estranged former Nixon officials, Charles W. Colson, who had been a special White House counsel, threw a body blow at a longtime rival for Nixon's favor, John Mitchell. Colson



"We're in this together and don't you forget it!"

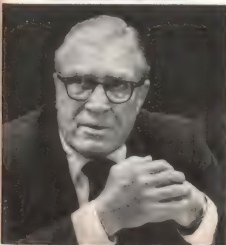
claimed that on three different occasions early this year he told the President that Mitchell had apparently helped plan the Watergate burglary and other aides were trying to cover it up. Colson told the *New York Times* that Nixon refused to believe that Mitchell could have been involved. This, as Colson interpreted it, meant that Nixon knew nothing about the Watergate plans, as he has publicly contended. But it would also seem to indicate that Nixon was either naively or deliberately disregarding repeated warnings that a cover-up was under way.

Colson, in turn, has been accused by two other aides, according to Watergate investigators, of proposing a burglary of the Brookings Institution in 1971 to obtain some unidentified class-

than they were. Black residents also complain that only about 100 of the city's 1,300 police officers are black. Kelley, however, insists that the reason is not bigotry, but that few black applicants meet the department's standards. There were only seven blacks on the force when he took over.

Kelley admits that his department

NIXON NOMINEE CLARENCE KELLEY



has used such surveillance methods as observing protest demonstrations, recording the automobile licenses of people who attend activist meetings, and maintaining dossiers on militants—whether or not they were suspected of crimes. On occasion, his men have posed as newsmen to obtain demonstrators' names; but he said it was done without his approval, and he ordered the practice stopped. He wins good marks from Arthur A. Benson II, a local lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union, for being "amenable to suggestions and not irritated by criticism."

That came through plainly in his interview with Huff, which covered a wide range of topics, even though Kelley declined to discuss his views on law-enforcement policies in advance of the Senate hearings on his confirmation. A sampler:

ON WHETHER THE U.S. IS "DECLINING": I do not think of myself as a soothsayer or great student of history, so I haven't spent a lot of time thinking about that. But I hope that we can all maintain the capability of reasoning together. With that, there won't be any such problem as a decline.

ON YOUNG PEOPLE: I have not condemned youth by any means. I have not said that the world is going to pieces. I have been encouraged by many fine things that they have done, and I am not going to be a forecaster of doom by any means.

ON BEING A MIDWESTERNER: I am not in any sense of the word cosmopolitan, but I've been around. I have a pretty good overall feeling about what the national law enforcement situation is. I think the goals of most chiefs of police, including those in the big Eastern cities, are about the same. We're all trying to do the best we can with what we have.

ON RELATIONS WITH HIS STAFF: I try to stimulate discussion. Do I encourage it? Absolutely. Do I encourage opposite views? No. The expression of those views is fine. We'll talk them over.

ON FBI MORALE: Some agents feel that they have been buffeted about and don't stand as tall as they used to. A few shots have been taken at them. But it's still a fine organization, and I intend to reinstall in the agents a sense of the importance that they have for the country.

THE NATION

sified information. Moreover, the investigators say, he then suggested that the burglars "fire-bomb" the place to conceal the break-in. These accusations have been made by John Dean and John J. Caulfield, a former intelligence agent brought into the White House by John Ehrlichman. Caulfield told investigators he considered the plan "insane" and it was never carried out. An associate of Colson confirmed that such discussions had taken place but contended that Colson had only been joking and should not have been taken seriously.

The televised Senate committee hearings on Watergate chaired by North Carolina's Sam Ervin, which resumed last week, seem to be moving rapidly toward pivotal sessions in which the former officials closest to the President will take their places in that highly revealing forum. The only potential hitch is the repeated effort by Archibald Cox, the special Watergate prosecutor, to prevent full televised airings of the testimony of key witnesses. So far rebuffed by unanimous opposition from the Ervin committee to any delay in its hearings, Cox has now retreated to a court plea that the testimony of John Dean and Jeb Stuart Magruder, the deputy director of the Nixon committee, be permitted in public, but without television cameras present. Cox claims that television so magnifies the publicity that a fair trial in future prosecution of the principals in the affair will be impossible. Ervin, on the other hand, contends that the courts have no constitutional authority to interfere with the procedures of the Senate. (For a discussion of the legal hazards of pretrial publicity, see *THE LAW*).

Showdown. It now seems likely that John Dean will tell his full story next week before the Ervin committee. While his own involvement obviously is extensive, so is his knowledge of the whole affair. Last week, after first assailing stories in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* in which Dean claimed he had met with Nixon some 40 times this year on Watergate as an attempt "to destroy the President," the White House retracted its denial and conceded that there had been, indeed, many such conversations. The *Post* carried the most damning—and as yet unverified—Dean assertion: that Nixon had asked him personally how much it would cost to keep the convicted Watergate conspirators silent. When told by Dean that it might take \$1,000,000, the President is supposed to have replied that this would be no problem.

Nixon has denied any personal participation in attempts to keep the low-level Watergate burglars from telling all they knew. The stage is thus set for a showdown in credibility between the President and his fired counsel. In most situations that would be no great contest. But Watergate continues to enlarge its claim as one of the most unusual—and perilously unpredictable—political events in U.S. history.

INVESTIGATIONS

Crossfire on Four Fronts

Although some Republican Governors warned against letting the Watergate scandal dribble out bit by sordid bit, that continued to happen last week. Witnesses before the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities added pungent details about the pressures to help smother the scandal. Depositions given by John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman dug more deeply into the planning of Watergate and the cover-up. White House memos described efforts to set up an illegal security apparatus in 1970. CIA memos undermined the President's Watergate defense by showing that politics, far more than national security, motivated the White House attempt to sidetrack the investigation. As the scandal has unfolded, the Nixon team has disintegrated. Now out of work and in danger of indictment, each man is trying to save his own skin by blaming somebody else.

THE SENATE HEARINGS

As the week's crop of witnesses came before the committee, they summoned up a picture of the proper Nixonian apatchiki: gray-suited, pin-striped, self-

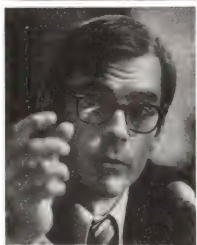
contained, admirably cool under fire and ever so slightly slow of wit. Obviously avoiding the counterculture and all its works, they suggested every parent's ideal of an obedient son—a trifle too obedient, as it turned out. They were treated paternally by Senator Sam Ervin, rather indulgently by the other committee members, who were doubtless mindful of the witnesses' lowly status and relative innocence in the Nixon campaign organization. They were followers rather than leaders, and could cast only an oblique light on the murky Watergate doings. Still, they exposed some new patches of chicanery.

The first witness of the week was not of the pattern. She was Sally Harmony, G. Gordon Liddy's secretary at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Though she displayed what Senator Joseph Montoya called a "hazy memory," she recalled that she had typed "maybe eight" Democratic telephone conversations that had been tapped at Watergate. When the plot was

CAMPAIGN ASSISTANT ROBERT REISNER



C.R.P. SECRETARY SALLY HARMONY



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Seagram's 
The First Canadian.

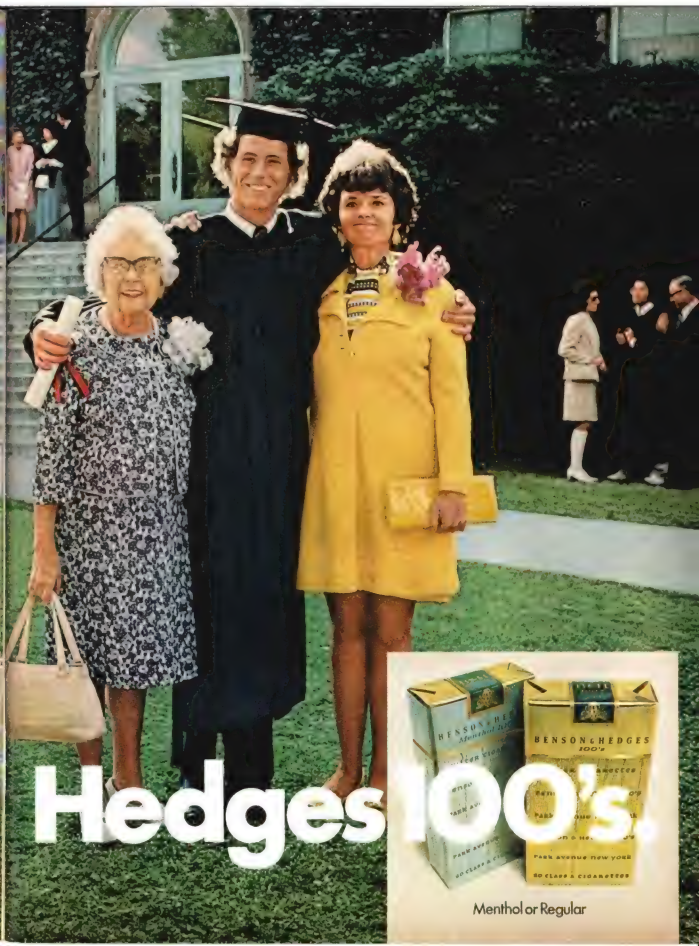
A man in a dark suit and tie is shown from the chest up, looking towards the camera while holding a large, vintage-style camera with both hands. He has a cigarette in his mouth. The background is a lush green lawn with a large, ivy-covered building in the distance. The text "America's Favorite Cigarette Break." is superimposed over the middle of the image.

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14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '71



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The Dodge Colt Wagon.

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Until now, many little imports were apt to come equipped with one king-sized problem: where to get them serviced. Because until now, these imports have pretty much had to rely on dealerships they themselves set up in the U.S.

But now there's the Dodge Colt station wagon.

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THE NATION

discovered, she helped her boss shred any paper with his handwriting on it. Then she fed her own notebook into the machine. But she testified that she could not remember ever saying that she had committed perjury for Liddy, as charged by two depositions in the Democrats' suit.

Robert A.F. Reiser, 26, the blandly earnest administrative assistant to C.R.P. Deputy Director Jeb Stuart Magruder, told the committee that he became aware of Watergate through odds and ends. The week before the June 17 arrests, he saw some Watergate material in a folder destined for C.R.P. Director John Mitchell. He also came across receipted for funds distributed to Liddy and an operative known as "Sedan Chair 2," who may have been a plant in Humphrey headquarters. Introduced by Magruder as a "super sleuth," Liddy once bounded into the office with a "great idea." He wanted to hire demonstrators to disrupt the Democratic Convention, including a woman who would undress.

After the Watergate break-in, Reiser was not asked a thing about his role in the case until he was subpoenaed by the Senate committee in March. By then he had decided to tell all he knew. Aware of his intentions, Magruder kept calling him to arrange a meeting. Reiser replied that it would be "improper." "Magruder," he said, became "extremely agitated and asked what I thought I was doing. 'Are you not going to be cooperative?' he queried. 'Everyone else has been cooperative.'"

Hugh W. Sloan Jr., 32, former treasurer of C.R.P., testified that he distributed campaign funds for secret purposes with some misgivings. Whenever he asked for an explanation, he was put off. He finally got his answer the day after Watergate. He bumped into Liddy, who exclaimed: "My boys got caught last night. I made a mistake. I used somebody from here which I told them I would never do. I'm afraid I'm going to lose my job." A few days later, Magruder asked Sloan if he would agree to say that he had paid Liddy less than he had. Replied Sloan: "I have no intention of perjuring myself." Said Magruder: "You may have to." Sloan later complained to Dean. If Magruder were ever nominated for an office requiring Senate confirmation, Sloan said, he would testify against him.

Seeking guidance because the "campaign seemed to be falling apart" and FBI agents had arrived at his office to question him, Sloan went to John Mitchell, who offered the cryptic advice: "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." That prompted Ervin to ask slyly and rhetorically: "How long after that did Mitchell leave the campaign?" (In fact, it was a week later.) Then Sloan took his complaint to White House Appointments Secretary Dwight Chapin, who told him he was "overwrought" and should take a vacation. Ehrlichman counseled: "Do not tell me

the details. I do not want to know." Frederick LaRue suggested that Sloan take the Fifth Amendment to stay in the good graces of the campaign organization. Disgusted and disillusioned, Sloan resigned from the committee, eliciting from Ervin the homily "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Unlike Sloan, Herbert Porter, 35, scheduling director for C.R.P., was told where the money was going. He passed funds from Sloan to Liddy, he testified, for "dirty tricks and other projects." After the break-in, Magruder asked him to "corroborate a story that the money

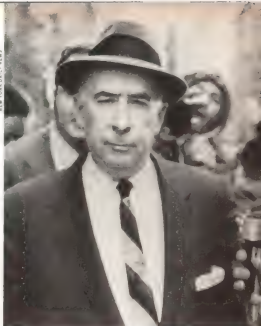


EX-WHITE HOUSE COUNSEL JOHN W. DEAN III

was authorized for something a little bit more legitimate-sounding than dirty tricks." Any day now, Magruder warned, all the office records might be subpoenaed. "I conjured up in my mind that scene and became rather excitable," said Porter. "I didn't want to see that." So he invented a story that the money he had issued to Liddy was used to pay agents to infiltrate radical groups. He told his phony story to the FBI, then to the federal grand jury and finally at the trial of the Watergate Seven, perjuring himself.

When Porter told Paul O'Brien, an attorney for C.R.P., that he wanted to talk to the prosecutors, O'Brien replied: "What do you want to do a stupid thing like that for?" He even fell asleep while listening to Porter. Magruder's attorney, said Porter, was equally unsympathetic. "He looked at me rather incredulously and said: 'My God, you are an ant. You are nothing. Do you realize the whole course of history is going to be changed?' I said no, I didn't, but I knew what my worries were."

In one of the more impassioned exchanges of a hearing that has been relatively subdued, Republican Senator Howard Baker asked Porter if he felt there was any impropriety in hiring people to do dirty tricks. Said Porter: "I was not the one to stand up in a meet-



JOHN MITCHELL IN NEW YORK
Checking off the bugging spots.

ing and say this should be stopped. I kind of drifted along."

But why didn't he speak up? Baker pressed him.

"In all honesty, probably because of the fear of group pressure that would ensue, of not being a team player."

Baker: "What caused you to abdicate your own conscience?"

Porter: "My loyalty to this man Richard Nixon goes back longer than any person that you will see sitting at this table."

Baker: "I have known Richard Nixon probably longer than you have been alive, and I really expect that the greatest disservice that a man could do to a President of the U.S. would be to abdicate his conscience."

THE DEPOSITIONS

To judge from the depositions given by Haldeman and Ehrlichman in the Democratic Party's \$6.4 million civil suit against C.R.P., the Watergate conspiracy was sheer confusion. Nobody was sure what he was doing or what anyone else was doing before or after the break-in. Ehrlichman described an initial meeting of Mitchell, Dean, Magruder and Liddy in early 1972. An intelligence-gathering system proposed by Liddy was so "grandiose and extreme," said Ehrlichman, that it was turned down flat by the three others.

The group finally agreed on a more modest bugging of three places. Mitchell supposedly checked off the ones he wanted: Watergate, McGovern headquarters in Washington, Democratic offices at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. Said Ehrlichman: "Magruder described this as a non-decision; that nobody was terribly enthusiastic with the undertaking, but they had to do something to acquire general information about the opposition."

Liddy, meanwhile, was beginning to

THE NATION

get out of hand, according to Magruder. Known to carry a gun, he once threatened to kill Magruder, who then tried to fire him. But other White House operatives insisted that Liddy be kept on the job. Tongue-lashed by Mitchell for not producing, he decided to break into Watergate a second time. At this point, testified Ehrlichman, Liddy was acting on his own without specific instructions. When Hunt objected to the maneuver, so Ehrlichman was told, Liddy replied: "We can't call it off. We are doing this on Mr. Mitchell's order. We must go ahead."

Ehrlichman laid the blame for the Watergate cover-up on Dean. "In February, it was pretty clear that we were not getting the facts. He was not being forthcoming with us on the facts either because he didn't know the facts or because he didn't feel he could disclose them to us." Finally, said Ehrlichman, the President hit on a "device to smoke

the wave of bombings, shoot-outs and campus riots in the late 1960s. Some memos leaked to the *New York Times* last week showed that Nixon's plans were more ambitious than most people knew. They envisioned a permanent, extensive surveillance of suspect radical groups. A scheme was proposed to increase electronic bugging, to open mail, to allow for "surreptitious entry" or, plainly, burglary. The memos admitted that some of these activities were "illegal" and involved "serious risks."

The project was approved by everyone involved except J. Edgar Hoover, who, said a participant, "wanted to continue running the FBI any damned way he wanted." He insisted on appending his critical footnotes to the proposal. In another memo, Tom Charles Huston, then a 29-year-old White House assistant for domestic security affairs, complained: "The FBI in Hoover's younger years used to conduct such operations



FORMER WHITE HOUSE AIDES H.R. HALDEMAN & JOHN EHRLICHMAN AT CAPITOL
Every man for himself when the tightly knit team disintegrated.

him out." He ordered Dean to "hole up" at Camp David until he produced a report. Dean returned empty-handed.

On the face of it, Haldeman's testimony seemed to support that of Ehrlichman, but there were some significant variations. Contradicting both Ehrlichman and the President, Haldeman denied that Dean was "supposed to be the chief investigator of the Watergate case." The "principal sources" of information for the President, he testified, were Ehrlichman and himself. He even reported a conversation in which Dean had described Liddy's break-in plan as "incredible" and "unacceptable." Dean's attorneys were pleased by this unexpected boost from Haldeman.

THE 1970 SECRET PLAN

In his statement last month defending his Watergate policies on grounds of national security, the President mentioned an intelligence unit he had tried to set up in the White House to respond to

with great success and no exposure." But Hoover is "getting old and he's worried about his legend." Huston advised the President to invite the director to a "stroking" session and overrule him.

When Hoover learned that Nixon had approved the plan despite his objections, he "went through the roof," said an observer. He marched over to Attorney General John Mitchell, and together they forced the President to back down only five days later. Shortly after, Huston was relieved of his security job and replaced by John Dean. Though dormant, the plan was not dead. By one account, U.S. Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian later tried to revive it, with himself at the head of the operation. But by then, all the intelligence agencies had cooled to the idea; once again it fell through. The White House had to settle for the plumbers—E. Howard Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy & Co.—to handle security matters.

THE CIA MEMOS

Though the President maintained that the White House interfered with the Watergate investigation only to protect national security, a series of CIA memos tell a different story. A memo from Lieut. General Vernon A. Walters, deputy director of the CIA, for example, describes a June 23 meeting with Ehrlichman and Haldeman that he attended with then CIA Director Richard Helms. "Haldeman said the 'bugging' affair at the Democratic National Committee headquarters had made a lot of noise and that the Democrats are trying to maximize it," Walters wrote. "The FBI had been called in and was investigating the matter. The investigation was leading to a lot of important people and this could get worse. Haldeman said the whole affair was getting embarrassing, and it was the President's wish that Walters call on Gray and suggest to him that, since the five suspects had been arrested, this should be sufficient and that it was not advantageous to have the inquiry pushed, especially in Mexico."

Continued the Walters memo: "Director Helms said he had talked to Gray on the previous day and made plain to him that... none of his investigations was touching any covert projects of the agency, current or ongoing."

Yet despite the fact that Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Gray had now been informed by the highest CIA authority that no FBI investigation could harm the CIA, the matter was not dropped. Declared the Walters memo: "Haldeman then stated that I could tell Gray that I had talked to the White House and suggested that the investigation not be pushed further." Walters agreed to do so the very same day.

The Walters memo on his meeting with Gray shows that Gray was aware of the political stakes. "Gray said that this was a most awkward matter to come up during an election year and he would see what he could do."

Walters contends that he next heard from Nixon Counsel John Dean three days later. Dean summoned Walters to the Executive Office Building and suggested that some of the arrested Watergate burglars "were getting scared and wobbling." Dean wondered if the CIA could pay their bail or, if they were convicted, pay them salaries while in prison. Walters said that Helms would never agree to such political activities.

Walters later noted that Gray had told him the FBI investigation could be limited only if Walters gave him a letter saying that national security would be endangered. Walters said his position was that "I had a long association with the President and was as desirous as anyone of protecting him. I did not believe that a letter from the agency asking the FBI to lay off this investigation on the spurious ground that it would uncover covert operations would serve the President." A cover-up, in short, was objected to not in principle but on grounds that it would not work.

Some Thoughts on Reform

Often it takes a crisis to nudge the nation toward a difficult decision or a necessary reform, and Watergate is predictably loosing a flood of proposals for improving the system. Congressmen, academicians and letters-to-the-editor writers are pouring out reams of schemes both for coping with the present exigency and ensuring against future excesses. A survey of some of the more intriguing suggestions, by topic:

ousting the President. Those who suspect that ultimately Nixon must go but want to spare both President and nation the ordeal of impeachment have been searching the Constitution for a more graceful means of exit. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford has proposed that Vice President Agnew resign and that Congress submit to the President a list of three possible successors. Under the 25th Amendment Nixon could then choose one to be the new Vice President, who would take office upon confirmation by a simple majority vote of both houses. Nixon then could resign in his favor. To ensure harmony, the new President would agree not to run again in 1976, though Clifford does not spell out how such a bargain could be enforced, should the incumbent decide he likes the job.

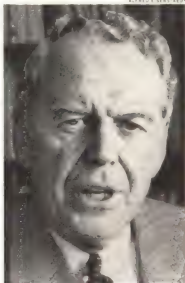
Clifford justifies his elaborate plan on the grounds that "the promotion of Mr. Agnew to the presidency would result only in a truncated operation composed of the remnants of the Nixon Administration." Under his proposal, "there would be no implied admission of personal guilt on the part of Mr. Nixon, but simply a recognition that misconduct by high officials of the Nixon Administration has fatally compromised its ability to function in the national interest."

THE FBI. To prevent any future politicization of the nation's chief investigative agency, Senator Robert C. Byrd has submitted a bill that would limit the FBI director's term to seven years, make the bureau an independent agency and take it out from under the authority of the Attorney General.

Whitney North Seymour Jr., who resigned this month as a U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, wants the FBI broken up along functional lines into two separate agencies: a criminal-investigation bureau and a spy-chasing national security unit. Seymour believes that a conflict of interest between those two duties made the FBI ripe for political exploitation by the White House.

To keep the Government from delving too far into the private lives of citizens, Harvard Law Professor Arthur R. Miller advocates a separate agency to police the FBI, the CIA and other federal departments that compile data on individuals. The "Big Brother to watch Big Brother," as Miller calls it, would be controlled by Congress, as the General Accounting Office is, and would have a few citizens as members.

CAMPAIGN FINANCING. Reform of the way elections are financed could be the most immediate legacy of Watergate. Last month the Senate Commerce Committee cleared a bill that would set up an independent commission for policing national elections, limit campaign spending to 10¢ per voter, repeal the equal-time provision of the Federal Communications Act to encourage broadcasters to provide more free air time for presidential candidates, and forbid the channeling of campaign contributions from a single donor through a maze of dummy committees.



CLARK CLIFFORD
Fatally compromised.

In addition, a number of legislators have proposed at least some federal financing for presidential elections. Senator Charles Mathias last week proposed a \$21 million spending limit for each presidential candidate in the general election with one-third of the money coming from the Government. The income tax checkoff permitting a taxpayer to contribute one dollar to the party of his choice by so indicating on his tax return was used this year for the first time and is expected to yield a total of only \$2,000,000 for the two major parties. But undoubtedly more money could be raised in this way if the checkoff were better publicized and voters got used to it. There is scant evidence that private political money is essential to the functioning of the Republic. Says General James Gavin, now chairman of the Arthur D. Little, Inc., consulting firm: "I am damn near feeling that there should be no campaign contributions at all, not even a single dollar. It was campaign money that was the source of Watergate."

EXECUTIVE CURBS. Watergate is seen by some scholars as a case of White House power run wild. The antidote would be to place intelligent restrictions on the exercise of presidential power, and to restore Congress to its rightful position of equality with the Executive Branch. Thus Thomas Cronin, a visiting fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, Calif., proposes creating committees in both the House and the Senate to watch over the White House staff. There are, of course, severe restrictions to the amount of power Congress can be expected to recoup. But in the areas of war-making powers, federal police powers and impounding funds, presidential authority could certainly be restored to its earlier limits.



Samson and Delilah

The Limits of Security and Secrecy

The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness... They conferred, as against the Government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men. To protect that right, every unjustifiable intrusion by the Government upon the privacy of the individual, whatever the means employed, must be deemed a violation of the Fourth Amendment.

These words by Justice Louis Brandeis, written in 1928, may seem almost quaint to a nation engulfed by Watergate. But they are an implicit answer to the Nixon Administration's assertion that its actions in the Watergate case have been motivated by "national security." It is an adroit defense, because the phrase is so vague as to defy easy definition and it appeals, after all, to valid national concerns. The Watergate cover-up, the illegal wiretapping, the breaking and entering by White House operatives—all have been explained on the basis of this higher good.

What exactly is the national security, and how much invasion of privacy can be justified in its behalf? How much secrecy is really necessary? The difficult debate over individual rights v. the common good dates from the earliest days of the republic. Still, the fact that most of the fights over repression, loyalty oaths and the stifling of dissent are so long forgotten is an indication that in most cases the tumult was out of all proportion to the mouse that squeaked defiance. "We have caught, it must be confessed, very few genuine spies or traitors," notes Yale History Professor David Brion Davis. "One must conclude that our security programs since the Smith Act [of 1940] have had less impact on foreign intelligence agencies than on domestic political life."

The U.S. has practically no security organization for most of the 19th century. Until 1893 the Justice Department relied on private detectives for its investigations; before World War I, the U.S. had only two Army intelligence officers and no professional counterespionage agency. But the nation emerged from the war with an embryonic surveillance apparatus as well as new espionage and sedition acts. Under these laws, 3,000,000 loyalty investigations were conducted by the American Protective League, an organization of 200,000 civilian vigilantes, which the Justice Department officially sanctioned; 6,000 enemy aliens were interned and 2,500 indictments were handed down, but not a single person was convicted of spying or treason.

In 1919 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes asserted that repressive measures were justified only when a "clear and present danger" existed. By such a definition, Franklin Roosevelt clearly had good reason to authorize the use of wiretaps in 1940 in matters involving "the defense of the nation." But his decision in the early days of World War II to intern 110,000 people in the U.S. only on the ground that they were of Japanese origin was obviously unjustified.

After the war, as the nation responded to the new threat of Communism, Attorney General Tom Clark persuaded Harry Truman to extend wiretapping to cases "vitality affecting the domestic security." This practice continued without serious limitation until 1967, when a Supreme Court decision limited the use of wiretapping without court warrants. The following year, Congress attempted to define the limits by requiring warrants in all cases that did not involve the national security. However, Attorney General John Mitchell went right on tapping the phones of suspected domestic subversives on his own authority in the name of national security—a practice that was not halted until the Supreme Court ruled unanimously last year that warrants were required for wiretaps in all domestic cases.



BUGGED TELEPHONE RECEIVER

The number of legal federal wiretaps has widely fluctuated during the postwar era. In 1945 there were 519 wiretaps; in 1960, at the end of the Eisenhower Administration, there were 115. By 1964 the number had risen to 260, including a wiretap on the telephone of Martin Luther King, which Robert Kennedy had authorized because the FBI suspected that some of King's aides had Communist ties. Under Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the number of taps dropped to a low of 82 in 1968, and they were largely confined to foreign diplomats and their agents.

Last week Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott, acting as a spokesman for the White House, sought to show that the present Administration has tapped fewer telephones than its predecessors. The number of national-security wiretaps during Nixon's first term amounted to 434, Scott declared, or about half the number (842) authorized during the Kennedy-Johnson Administration of 1961-64. The figures are misleading, however, since security wiretaps authorized by the Attorney General last year (108) were reported separately from those that were approved by federal judges at the Justice Department's request (206). Thus last year's total of 314 legal wiretaps was somewhat above average for the postwar period.

To a large extent, the hydra-like growth of the internal-security apparatus in the U.S. was a result of the wide latitude given the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency and other organizations during the height of the cold war. Much has been written about the "secret governments," but less has been said about the easy transfer of espionage techniques from the cold war abroad to the home front. Overseas operations—including even the disruption of lawful governments and a wide repertoire of other "dirty tricks"—were perceived as necessary in the worldwide contest posed by aggressive Communism. When the same techniques were directed toward the activities of U.S. citizens at home who were suspected of subversion, the principle became obscure; the criterion, in the absence of any other, remained national security.

In an age of global détente, it is proper to ask whether the prevailing security operations are justified, and beyond





that, the related question of whether the affairs of Government need be so elaborately shrouded in secrecy. In Justice Holmes' phrase, does a clear and present danger still exist? The answer is not easy to come by—partly because of the very secrecy that isolates the citizen from his Government.

Veteran journalists in Washington can recall a time when John Foster Dulles could be casually talked into releasing the Yalta papers for the public good; or when John Kennedy, just back from the Vienna summit, would regale friends with stories of what it was like to sit across from the table-pounding Nikita Khrushchev; or when Lyndon Johnson, with his notebook of secret papers on the Six-Day War, would read from it of an evening to visiting Governors or favored millionaires. None of it seemed to do any harm, and some of the knowledge may have helped.

To many observers of American Government, the practice of secrecy is as serious a threat to a free society as wiretapping. "Complicity about this problem," declares Vanderbilt University Professor Harry Howe Ransom, "can destroy the nation." In view of Daniel Ellsberg, who should know, people who have access to Government secrets tend to develop an "arrogance and contempt" for people who are not similarly plugged in. It is obvious that this criticism is not limited to the Nixon Administration: one has only to recall the way Lyndon Johnson used to chuckle over the FBI dossiers of friends, foes and the famous alike.

Notwithstanding the bureaucratic instinct to stamp a document "secret" or at least "restricted," no one would deny that a government has a right to protect the confidentiality of certain information. But what? The news of impending military activity in wartime is an obvious example; the technical details of weaponry and other scientific information are another. The technology of espionage itself requires protection: the codes, the methods and the identity of agents.

Some would argue that the details of policies and even of important personalities may also be privileged information, thus accounting for the Nixon Administration's preoccupation with leakage and its recruiting of "plumbers." But was the national security really damaged by the disclosure in 1971 that Richard Nixon disliked Indira Gandhi,

and that his Government had decided to "tilt" in the direction of Pakistan in the Indo-Pakistani war of that year? His bias was pretty obvious to the Indians already. Was it really improper to report the first U.S. bombing of Communist positions in Cambodia in 1969, as some Administration sources have alleged? They argue that the disclosure bruised the President's credibility (as well as that of the Cambodian ruler of that period, Prince Sihanouk, who had tacitly approved the bombing). But the suspicion arises that the Administration was mainly concerned about re-awakening the outrage of its war critics at home.

In an age in which virtually everything is perishable, even state secrets spoil quickly. Today's diplomatic maneuver becomes the substance of next year's memoirs; the latest weapon is soon duplicated (or stolen) by the enemy, or becomes obsolete. It is evident that a government has the right to require security clearances of some of its employees; it may even have the right, as some argue, to run checks on a few of its former employees for the rest of their lives, a sort of "distrust without prejudice" applying to individuals who had access to information of grave national concern. But rare is the man who is burdened with secrets of such value and duration that the nation can reasonably expect him to carry them to the grave.

Perhaps the most perplexing question for many Americans is whether the Constitution is still capable of guaranteeing both the security of the state and the liberty of the individual. Yale Law School Professor Alexander Bickel believes that it is. "It is flexible enough to answer particular security needs," he says. But he draws a distinction between illegal activities and certain covert security activities that may be acceptable under the Constitution—such as legal wiretapping. "The President cannot decide for himself what is in the interest of national security," Bickel says. "National security does not exist outside the rule of law." In the Ellsberg case, for instance, the Administration could have proposed legislation—cumbersome as the process might have been—that might have permitted it access to Ellsberg's psychiatrist's files. Instead, it called in the goons. "And that," says Bickel, "is intolerable." The next step, in the name of national security: the internment of Ellsberg, perhaps, and then of his relatives and his friends and his business associates. "If you start down that road," adds Bickel, "there is no end to it."

At the end of the 1971 trial of three University of Michigan students whose arrest had been partially based on wiretap information, Federal Judge Damon Keith observed that much of the Government's legal argument seemed to be based on the concept that "a dissident domestic organization is akin to an unfriendly foreign power and must be dealt with in the same fashion." On the contrary, said Keith, even the attempts of domestic organizations to attack and subvert the existing structure of Government become criminal only when they are carried out "through unlawful means, such as the invasion of the rights of others by use of force or violence."

What is unconscionable about Watergate and the other recent cases is not that the Government used wiretaps or other snooping devices, or sought to seize private documents that it believed to be relevant to the national security, but that it did these things with an utter disregard for the law. Where national security is involved, the principal consideration is not the tool that is used but the assurance that it will be used on a legitimate target in legitimate fashion. As Los Angeles Police Chief Edward Davis put it last week: "The catching of a felon never justifies the catcher becoming a felon himself."

A high U.S. official has declared: "The many abuses of the security system can no longer be tolerated. Fundamental to our way of life is the belief that when information which properly belongs to the public is systematically withheld by those in power, the people soon become ignorant of their own affairs, distrustful of those who manage them, and—eventually—incapable of determining their own destinies." Indeed. The words are Richard Nixon's, written little more than a year ago.

■ William E. Smith



POLITICS

Counting Out Cahill

Republican William T. Cahill was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1969 by the largest margin—500,000 votes—in the state's history and within two years was counted among the most successful Governors in the country. His impressive string of accomplishments included stiff environmental protection laws, a no-fault insurance plan, a remarkably popular lottery and a multi-million-dollar mass-transit system. Moreover, he had delighted New Jersey voters by wooing the New York Giants into moving across the Hudson with a new football stadium that will open in 1975. By almost any measure, he seemed a cinch for re-election to a second term this year.

Then things began to come apart. Legislators overwhelmingly rejected

penses. Sherwin was convicted for seeking a kickback from a highway contractor.

Cahill was not directly connected with the scandals, but the Watergate-like atmosphere tainted his promising future. Last week he was resoundingly defeated in the Republican primary for nomination to a second term by Charles W. Sandman Jr., 51, a conservative U.S. Congressman who had lost to Cahill in the 1969 primary and prides himself on financial acumen.

Using \$15,000 in savings—some of it back pay accumulated during his seven months as a German war prisoner—he began buying seashore real estate in 1945. It now makes up the bulk of his net worth of \$300,000. His Democratic opponent next fall will be Brendan T. Byrne, 49, a former superior court judge who likes to recall having been described in the late '60s by mafioso Angelo ("Gyp") DeCarlo as a pol-

two Humphrey committees. An eighth employee wrote a \$6,000 check on a joint account, making a total of \$48,000. By confining the size of each contribution to \$3,000, Loeb avoided having to pay federal taxes on the gifts. Loeb then reimbursed each of his employees for his contributions.

That violated the Federal Election Campaign Act, which had become effective the previous month. The law forbids making contributions "in the name of another person." Loeb, 70, insisted he was unaware of the new rules and that "the violation was totally innocent and unwitting," but did not contest the charges. Last week Judge John M. Cannella fined Loeb \$3,000, the maximum possible, noting wryly that, "I'm aware, to use a medical expression, that he's not financially anemic."

ARMED SERVICES

An End to Silence

Cadet James J. Pelosi seemed like any other West Point graduating student last week as he stepped up smartly to receive his diploma. But his 938 classmates knew differently. For Pelosi, the occasion marked not only the end of a college career but also the end of a Kafkaesque nightmare. In November of 1971, he had been accused of breaking the rules while taking a test. Supposedly he had gone on writing in his bluebook after the order to stop. He denied the charge before the cadet honor committee, but it found him guilty.

His case then went up to the West Point board of officers. It was ready to second the committee's decision until Pelosi's lawyer pointed out that an academy official had prejudiced the case. The board dismissed the charge, and the West Point superintendent ordered the cadet returned to good standing.

The cadet honor committee, however, had the last word. It sentenced Pelosi to "the silence," a severe form of ostracism meted out to those who refuse to resign when accused of cheating but against whom there is insufficient evidence for dismissal. Immediately, Pelosi became the Quasimodo of the Point. He ate alone at a table meant for ten, an easy target for the ice cubes that fellow cadets would lob at him during dinner. His mail was opened, his clothes were dragged through the latrine, his person threatened by anonymous callers. None of the cadets talked to him except on official business. "West Point is extremely isolated from the outside world anyway," he explained last week. "There is no one to talk to or communicate with except other cadets. When they stop talking, it gets really lonely." Eventually Pelosi found some people he could talk to among M.P.s and staff help at the Point.

The son of a Manhattan bank executive who served as a fighter pilot in World War II, Pelosi lost 26 lbs. in the



WINNER SANDMAN

After impressive accomplishments, things began to come apart.



LOSER CAHILL ADDRESSING SUPPORTERS IN NEW JERSEY

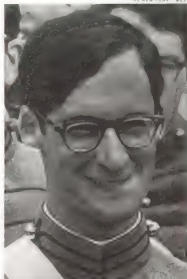
Cahill's coveted tax-reform package—partly because it included an income tax—and refused to confirm his able pro-busing commissioner of education, Carl L. Marburger, for another term. Worst of all, one after another of the men in his administration were implicated in New Jersey's multilayers of political corruption being exposed by U.S. Attorney Herbert J. Stern.

In a three-year campaign that has snared mayors, legislators, judges, highway officials, postmasters and even a Congressman, Stern has won indictments against eight defendants (three have been convicted) with close ties to Cahill. Among them were his 1969 campaign manager, Nelson Gross, former State Treasurer Joseph M. McCrane and former Secretary of State Paul J. Sherwin. Gross and McCrane were indicted for advising fat-cat contributors to write off their campaign contributions on their tax returns as business ex-

penses. Sherwin was convicted for seeking a kickback from a highway contractor.

Giving the Wrong Way

In May of 1972, with the crucial California primary fast approaching, the beleaguered presidential campaign of Hubert Humphrey was badly pressed for funds. Humphrey knew that if anyone could help him in a hurry, it would be John L. Loeb Sr., his old friend and staunch backer (though he is a nominal Republican), senior partner of Loeb, Rhoades & Co., one of Wall Street's most prestigious brokerage houses. Within a matter of days, the resourceful investment banker had come through handsomely. At Loeb's request, seven of his firm's employees each wrote two checks in the amount of \$3,000 to



CADET PELOSI AT GRADUATION
A Kafkaesque nightmare.

first months of the treatment, but he resolved to stay. "I was innocent, and to leave would have been giving in to a guilt I didn't feel," he explained. Eventually, his determination won over some of his tormentors. During his last few months, several sympathetic cadets, in particular his former friends, began to visit with him. The sanctions against him became almost unenforceable. By the time he graduated last week, there were even handshakes.

But Pelosi, 21, one of the few West Pointers to endure the silence, knows that his ordeal is not over. A cadet blackballed by the honor committee is theoretically doomed to be ostracized by Point graduates the rest of his life. In his determination to make the Army a career, Pelosi has almost no other silence alumni to look to—except Benjamin O. Davis Jr. Silenced during his first year at the Point—1932 to 1936—Cadet Davis survived to become a lieutenant general in the Air Force. An encouraging example, but not altogether analogous: Davis' only sin was presumably his black skin.

His diploma in hand, Pelosi argued last week—not very convincingly—that it had all been worth it. He also suggested that honor-committee members—he had been one, too—place "themselves above the law, and no one has a right to do that." His view is about to be tested in court. Last April, 21 cadets were accused of cheating on a physics exam. Most resigned immediately, but six of those who opted to fight the charges have filed a lawsuit with the U.S. district court, arguing that the honor system subverts the due process guaranteed under the Fifth Amendment. The cadet honor committee is, they maintain, a modern-day kangaroo court. If the court agrees, the Point's 156-year-old honor system will in all likelihood be struck down—and with it the silence.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

So Long to Old Herb Klein

He is really not that old (55) nor is he vanishing from view. He is leaving the White House as Communications Director for a job in television, which will keep him in public matters.

But for 27 years he has been a considerable chunk of Richard Nixon's better nature. And that role is coming to an end.

His is a rather remarkable story. He was, these last years, abused and downgraded and ignored by Nixon and his supermen and yet he has stayed loyal, kept his honor, and goes off as one of the President's few remaining displays of decency and good humor.

He wasn't as efficient as the iron man H.R. Haldeman. Herb Klein kept his files in his coat pocket or somewhere, and like most ex-reporters he ignored flow charts and organization tables. What he had was an understanding that democracy and its government are untidy and considerably inefficient, and there isn't a hell of a lot you can do about that without destroying their soul.

Old Herb would listen to conflicting views, now and then admit mistakes had been made and take phone calls from critics as well as friends. He always figured it was a big wide world out there and a lot of people had something to say. The know-it-alls like John Ehrlichman had that sort of notion close to heresy.

When they finally pushed him farther and farther from the Oval Office he hardly complained. He took to the road supporting Nixon in the editorial offices and the newsrooms around the country. He brushed up against a lot of people in those journeys, and he made a lot of friends. Now when one travels and comes across these men and women, whether in the big metropolitan dailies or those dusty one-horse shops where the editor can be found feeding the presses, they ask with some concern if Herb got caught in Watergate. When they are told no, they almost always smile and say quietly, "I didn't think so. I like Herb."

He was no saint. Nor was he the best White House aide in all history. But he was an oasis of consideration and sympathy in a Teutonic desert of heel clicks and "Yes, sirs."

There are not many men on the beat here who haven't had a thoughtful moment or two and a few good laughs with Herb. Up in Alaska campaigning with Richard Nixon in 1958, he joined in a little dog-sled race and ended up in the snow, much to everybody's delight. In 1960 he knew that most of the men he had to deal with were a lot more sympathetic to John Kennedy than to Richard Nixon. He took it with good grace and for the most part kept his temper as he tried to get a fair shake on the front pages.

Once he sent out letters of complaint about the treatment Candidate Nixon was getting, and then he had second thoughts and called them back. At the Waldorf Astoria bar he bought the drinks for all those offended and went back to his old rut of being decent to people.

Once when Lyndon Johnson was doing a little campaigning out in California and had stopped at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station to send more troops off to Viet Nam, Herb showed up in the stands just to look over the President, the likely opposition for Nixon, who was gearing up to go again. Herb wrangled a handshake with L.B.J. like any tickled tourist, wished the President good luck and went off with a smile.

He has peddled the old Nixon propaganda with a straight face and given some of the duller speeches on record, but he has always been there to listen when people, small as well as big, needed somebody to talk to when the rest of the White House was buttoned up, which was most of the time.

Herb still has some political mileage in him. But he probably has seen the pinacles. Last year some of us were standing in the magnificent Hall of St. George in the Kremlin on the final day of Nixon's Moscow summit. All Russia's elite were there, cosmonauts and marshals, diplomats and artists, the Politburo and the KGB agents.

They played *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and then Nixon and his Soviet hosts walked down the length of the huge hall. It was a splendid moment.

As the President passed, there in view across the room was Herb Klein. He looked like he had slept in his suit, or maybe hadn't slept at all in those frantic days. But his face had the same kindly look, and there was a smile and a lot of pride and warmth beneath the surface. The thought occurred to us then, and again last week, that there was one of the few men around Nixon who gave more than he took.

NIXON BIDS FAREWELL TO KLEIN



POLICY/COVER STORY

Nixon's Other Crisis: The Shrinking Dollar



Throughout the U.S. economy's ups and downs of the past four years, President Nixon has never managed to rid it of the debilitating fever of inflation. Prices kept rising rapidly through the 1970 recession, in defiance of all economic nostrums. The increases subsided in part because of the wage-price freeze and Phase II controls, but in the five months of voluntaristic Phase III the economy's inflationary temperature has climbed to its highest point in two decades. The situation has helped create near chaos in stock and dollar-exchange markets. Millions of consumers, stunned by higher prices, go about their daily shopping chores with a sinking feeling and fret over the erosion of their earnings and savings. Along with Watergate—and partially because of the scandal's enervating effect on Government—the state of the U.S. economy has become Nixon's other crisis. Last week the signs multiplied that the President was about to strike back with yet another major anti-inflation program that would add up to a *de facto* Phase IV.

At midweek the President's three top economic advisers, Treasury Secretary George Shultz, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Herbert Stein and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, rushed home from an international bankers' meeting in Paris. Nixon's new domestic policy chief, Melvin Laird, told newsmen that he would recommend tighter economic controls. The President himself told a Cabinet meeting late in the week that inflation "is the major problem this country faces," and on Friday, during a commencement address at Florida Technological University, he dropped a heavy hint that a new policy was being readied. After talking again about how grave a problem inflation is, he said: "We have the means to deal with it."

What the new program might consist of was not clear—if indeed Nixon had decided (he warned the Cabinet not to guess "as to what I'm going to do"). But the President's options seemed to fall into three main categories:

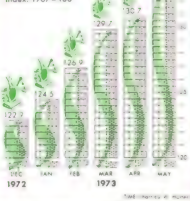
1. Impose, once again, a wage-price freeze. Rumors of a new 90-day—or possibly only 45-day—freeze were circulating widely. The attractions were obvious. The freeze that began on

Aug. 15, 1971 as Phase I was highly popular and did break inflationary momentum. Moreover, ordering one now would steal a march on congressional Democrats, who were loudly threatening to write a freeze into law. But some of the President's closest advisers, notably Shultz and Stein, who cherish an almost mystical devotion to the free market, seemed strongly opposed; they swallowed one freeze, but might not stomach another.

2. Move back toward a controls policy more closely resembling Phase II—which went into effect on Nov. 14, 1971—than Phase III. The key would be making controls mandatory rather than voluntary. Under the mandatory

WHOLESALE PRICES

Index: 1967=100



controls of Phase II, a businessman who raised prices beyond Government-set limits broke the law and subjected himself to penalties: fines or orders to make refunds to his customers. During Phase III, a businessman who raises prices beyond guidelines has been guilty of nothing worse than a bad guess, and subject to no more severe punishment than being told by the Cost of Living Council to reduce or cancel the increase. Even that threat has been strictly theoretical: the COLC has not yet disciplined even one company for violating Phase III price guidelines.

3. Order a package of miscellaneous measures. The President could, for example, reimpose mandatory controls on selected industries, or order the COLC to draw up industry-by-industry guidelines specifying what increases in prof-



Inflation vignettes: pricing gold jewelry in Los Angeles, studying exchange rates in Paris, shopping for soybean "hamburger" in Minneapolis.

They've got a name like a supersonic plane and the instincts of a mother.

We named them for the way they look: like parts of an instrument panel.

But we love them for the way they act: like a bunch of fiercely maternal little white-haired ladies who take care of you without expecting much care in return. Giving you the right time, and instant change date and day. While you give them bumps and splashings, and never wind them.

They don't mind the neglect. Whenever you need them they give you what you need. That's love.

The Jet Star Collection by Bulova.



Styles shown (clockwise from top): #11630, \$65. #11632, \$70. #11634, \$75. All with 17 jewels and stainless steel case and bracelet. Other styles from \$60 at fine jewelry and department stores. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

What's going on?

Nowadays, things seem to wear out faster than they used to, go on the blink even before they're paid for, and cost more to boot. Doesn't anybody care anymore?

Apparently, somebody does. Because not all products have gone the "economy" route. Budweiser beer, for example.

Bud started out to be a first-quality lager beer from the very beginning, and it still is today. Even though shortcuts and speeded-up processes are available, Budweiser does not use them.

Bud is still brewed with imported hops, for example—and the best of domestic blossoms. And rice. And the best barley malt. And Budweiser is still aged on Beechwood for 100 per cent natural carbonation.

All this takes a great deal of time and trouble; it takes "going the extra mile." But what else is new? If you want to be the best, you've got to give a little more.

You've got to really care about quality, and somebody still does.

"Somebody
still cares about
quality."



**If it was just a station wagon,
it wouldn't be a Travelall.**



The INTERNATIONAL TRAVELALL may look like a station wagon. It may ride like a station wagon. But it isn't. It's much more.

For example, the Travelall has a truck-built frame for extra durability. Ordinary station wagons have ordinary station wagon frames.

The Travelall has more room inside than an ordinary station wagon—more room for kids, cargo, camping gear, groceries—whatever you have to carry. Over 125 cubic feet of cargo capacity when all the back seats are down.

The Travelall has excellent visibility, because you sit higher than in most station wagons.

The Travelall has a low rpm, high-torque engine. You get to choose from four—including a big 392-cubic inch V-8.

The Travelall has an extra large cooling system to help avoid overheating, especially when towing. Which brings us to the final big difference between a Travelall and an ordinary station wagon—towing capability.

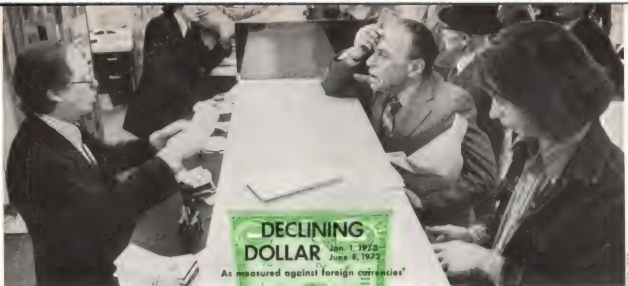
The Travelall is built to tow. Ordinary station wagons aren't. The Travelall's rugged frame, engine, and cooling system help make it an especially durable towing vehicle. And the Travelall gives you a tremendous choice of towing options—including a 5-speed transmission you can't get on any ordinary station wagon. But then, that's the whole point. There's nothing ordinary about it.

If there was, it wouldn't be a Travelall.



International Travelall

The wagon built to tow.



BUYING FOREIGN TRAVEL CHECKS AT PERERA

its would rule out further price boosts. A Commerce Department official speculates that the COLC could also order price rollbacks by companies that have posted especially rapid profit increases so far this year. Still other possible moves being considered include a freeze on its price of retail gasoline and extending controls to food products at the farm level. Finally, the President also could—at the cost of violating an all-but-sacred campaign pledge—try to raise taxes in order to siphon some money out of an economy that seems to be in a runaway inflationary boom.

Too "Preoccupied." The one choice that could fairly be called, in what has become a famous word, inoperative would be to do nothing. If the long roll of publicity drums heralding a new anti-inflation policy were to be followed by silence, Nixon would risk disastrous repercussions on stock prices at home and the value of the dollar abroad. He would reinforce a spreading impression round the world that the Watergate scandal has so immobilized him as to make economic policy an affair of drift, indecision and inattention. Watergate, indeed, is becoming a major economic as well as political force.

It would be wrong to blame all or even most of the nation's economic woes on the scandal; inflation undoubtedly would be soaring, the dollar sinking and the stock market slumping if Watergate meant no more than just a fancy apartment-office complex. But the scandal has fostered a belief that nothing has really been done about any of these problems—and foreigners have been spinning dollars and investors selling stocks in response.

"Watergate has cast doubt on Nixon's ability to conduct a policy that would help improve the U.S. balance of payments deficit," says Dr. Hans Mast, economic adviser to Cr dit Suisse, a major Swiss bank, in partial explanation of foreign distrust of the dollar. Robert Kern, vice president of San Francisco's jeans-making Levi Strauss



& Co., laments: "The nation is floundering around like a ship without a rudder because of Watergate. Everyone is looking for some leadership and direction." Robert Gutenstein, an analyst at the Manhattan investment house of Kalb Voorhis & Co., reports "fears that Nixon is so busy covering himself that he is not managing the economy."

Unhappily, such fears have been at least partly justified, or were until the past few days. The President's economic advisers have held an inordinate number of meetings with Nixon lately, and even early last week some were depressed by a feeling that they could not get his attention. One recently complained that the President seemed "obviously weary" and too "preoccupied" to pay much heed. Even at week's end, though Nixon seemed to have realized the need for action, there remained a question of whether he would back any new policy with the personal push required to give it credibility.

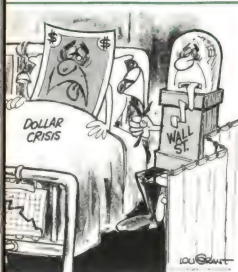
Pondering his course over a week-end at Key Biscayne, the President had no lack of unwelcome, even frightening developments to consider. The Government had just announced that wholesale prices in May rose a staggering 2.1%, the second time this year they have rocketed upward in a single month at a rate of more than 2% when projected over the course of a whole year. The biggest increases were in farm prices for grains and meat; the index for farm

products, processed foods and feed rose at an unbelievable annual rate of more than 62%. But food was not the only villain: prices of industrial commodities shot up at an annual rate of 15.4%. In the past, Administration officials have contended that such huge leaps in a single month were likely to prove one-shot affairs, but that argument is no longer even faintly comforting. Since January, the Wholesale Price Index has risen 22.8%. The entire bulge has not yet shown up in supermarkets or other retail stores, but it soon will.

On foreign money exchanges, the price of the dollar early in the week fell to postwar lows against some other currencies, including the German mark, Swiss franc and Japanese yen. Just since the start of the year, the dollar has lost a stunning 15% of its value or even more in terms of some major foreign currencies (see chart above). Although much of this decline was caused by the second formal devaluation in February, enough has occurred in recent weeks of free trading to lead French President Georges Pompidou to describe that drop, accurately, as constituting in effect "a third devaluation of the dollar." Though money trading is actually a ruthlessly non-nationalistic affair, it seemed that everyone from oil sheiks to Swiss bankers to Japanese businessmen had agreed to gang up on the dollar and hack away at its value. On Wall Street, the barometric Dow Jones industrial average sank on Monday to 886, down 16% from its historic high five months ago.

Foretaste. Both the dollar and the Dow rallied at midweek; in fact, the stock average rose 34 points by week's end and closed at 920. But the recoveries intensified rather than relieved the pressure on Nixon because both reflected the rumor/hope/belief that he would at last do something. Indeed, the mere fact that the Administration had made no announcement by week's end sent the dollar on another downhill slide Friday. John Phillipsborn, vice president of Chase Manhattan's European head-

THE ECONOMY



Sick friend sitting up with a sick friend.

quarters, promptly remarked that the apparent decision to hold off action after hinting that it was imminent seemed "more harmful than if the Government had done nothing at all." That was an ominous foretaste of the emotions that Nixon will stir if this week he dashes the hopes for action that he has aroused.

Though the economy's troubles may seem disparate, they are linked by a central theme. It is a cheapening of the dollar—at the supermarket counter; on Wall Street, where a dollar invested in almost any stock in January is worth much less today; and in foreign countries, where a dollar buys progressively fewer marks, francs or guilders. The core problem is inflation, which both directly worsens the lives of most U.S. citizens and intensifies the malaise on Wall Street and in the currency markets.

Inflation is most visible—and painful—in food prices, where it also has been in part preordained. As an election-year ploy aimed at winning the farm vote, the Administration deliberately pumped up farm prices during 1972 by spreading around a record amount of federal cash in subsidy and price-support payments. The President did little to repair the resulting wreckage at the grocery counter when he imposed ceilings on retail meat prices in March in response to the approaching nationwide meat boycott. He merely kept meat prices at record levels. Prices for other food products, including grains, milk and fresh vegetables, have continued to soar. The Administration

early this year moved to increase farm production—and thus bring down prices—by freeing for planting much land that had been idled under price-support programs, but the move came pitifully late.

Meanwhile, the Administration compounded its error by replacing the tough Phase II controls on nonfood prices with the flabby voluntarism of Phase III. Coming just as food prices were starting to explode, Phase III fostered a spirit of anything goes among some businessmen. C. Jackson Grayson Jr., the activist price czar of Phase II who has returned to his old job as dean of the Southern Methodist University business school, observes: "No one wants to get caught with his prices down. The attitude of many businessmen is that 'I'd better get mine while I can.'" Even George Shultz, a prime architect of Phase III, conceded that the controls that were retained need to be enforced "more flamboyantly."

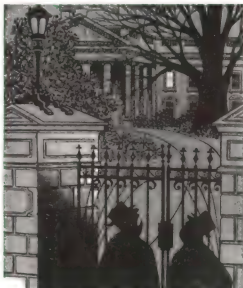
Since they have not been so far, in-

face of all this, union members have been accepting wage settlements that so far have averaged close to a very reasonable 5.5%. But no one can guarantee that labor will not soon demand fat pay increases that would force prices up still more rapidly.

Wall Street is in a similar ban-the-boom mood. Corporate profits are expected to rise 23% this year above those in 1972. That anticipation would normally set brokerage houses afire with buy orders, but stock prices have sagged even more than the Dow Jones industrial average of 30 blue chips indicates; it is no trick to find lesser-known stocks whose value has been cut in half so far this year. One result is that tens of millions of Americans, whether they know it or not, face the prospect of retirement benefits less generous than they had hoped for, because the stocks that their pension funds invest in have gone down. The dive has mystified even top corporate executives. Robert Oster, senior vice president of California's Bank of America, the nation's largest, reports that on a recent nationwide tour he kept hearing the same refrain from corporate clients: "How the hell can we be that low on the market when our company is in such great shape?"

At least part of the mystery is bound up with inflation. Inflation was once thought to be good for the stock market: after all, the very word meant rising prices, presumably for stocks as well as other things. But market averages today are not much higher than they were in the late 1960s, while the consumer price index has gone up by a third.

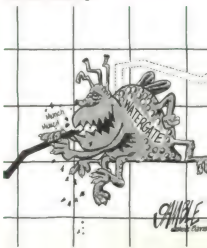
Among the reasons: inflation has become synonymous with tight money and high interest rates. Indeed, last week major banks raised their prime rate (to 7½%) for the fourth time in eight weeks, making the cost of big-business borrowing more expensive than at



"Poor devil, up there working out Phase 1,437."

flation is no longer just a food phenomenon. Robert Nathan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, points out that during the 14 months of Phase II, wholesale prices of industrial commodities (structural steel, lumber studs, man-made fibers) rose at an annual rate of 3.5%; but during the first four months of Phase III, they shot up at a yearly rate of almost 15%. Rising retail prices have kept most Americans from enjoying a rip-roaring 1973 boom that is raising national production to undreamed-of heights: incomes are rising, but prices are going up even faster. In April, for the first time in two years, the average U.S. worker's spendable earnings actually declined from a year earlier. In the

The Dow Jones Bug.



“Home from the Sea”



How good it is

Winston tastes good,
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL"

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies.



THE ECONOMY

any time since September 1970. The Federal Reserve then lifted the discount rate (the interest rate it charges member institutions) half a point, to 6½%, its highest level in more than 50 years. High interest rates and decreased availability of loan money make it more difficult for would-be investors to buy stock, and tend to drain money out of the stock market into bonds and savings accounts, where interest yields are high. Further, every inflation brings with it the threat of a subsequent recession caused by Government efforts to restrain an inflationary boom—a distressing thought to stock investors.

The root cause of the dollar's decline abroad is the simple fact that there are too many dollars—some \$80 billion—ricocheting round the world. They have accumulated abroad because the U.S. during the past 20 years has spent

overseas—in purchases of foreign goods, military expenditures and business investments—far more than it has taken in from foreign countries. An oversupply of dollars, like an oversupply of potatoes, tends to drive down the price. That tendency has been given free rein since March by a change in the way that the international monetary system operates. Previously, foreign countries had been required to maintain set exchange rates between their currencies and the dollar—meaning that if no one else would buy dollars, government banks had to purchase them to support the price. Now nearly all major currencies are “floating,” or free to sell at any price set by supply and demand, against the dollar.

For the dollar, the float has been more like a submersion, with disastrous results for tourists and Americans liv-



CLEANING UP ON WALL STREET

A Creeping Paralysis

In Paris and Peoria, in Frankfurt and Fresno, the question hovers: has the unfolding Watergate scandal so monopolized the attention of the Nixon Administration that it has ceased to function effectively? The doubts have been most urgent in the field of economics, and there the answer is at least faintly reassuring. The Administration does seem to have pulled itself together sufficiently to shape a new anti-inflation policy. In other areas, the answer is less heartening.

On the day-to-day level, the federal bureaucracy rolls on as before: collecting taxes, mailing social security checks and performing the myriad other housekeeping tasks of Government. But in many matters requiring policy decisions, a creeping paralysis has set in. In one of his first public pronouncements after being appointed Nixon's chief domestic adviser last week, former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird declared: “The Government in some quarters is at a standstill.”

For example, the President's proposed trade bill, which would give him greater power and flexibility in negotiating with foreign nations, seems stalled, partly because the Administration's loss of prestige has strengthened the hand of protectionists. Nixon's pledge to formulate a new welfare-reform proposal is getting little push, and there is a notable lack of progress in shaping a new national health-insurance package. A less than adequate effort has been made to round up support for the Administration's special revenue-sharing program, which had been languishing even before the Watergate scandal broke open. Under special revenue sharing, money that has been doled out from Washington for narrowly restricted purposes, such as supplying books and materials to school libraries, would be consolidated into block grants for states and cities to spend as they saw fit for very broad purposes like education.

How much more activity there might have been without Watergate is difficult to measure. For all the White House claims to what its critics have seen as regal power, the Nixon Administration's domestic philosophy has never been activist. Quite the opposite: the President has often proclaimed a desire to reduce Washington's role in national life—or, as he once more vividly put it, to “get Big Government off your back and out of your pocket.”

Even some efforts in that direction have been stalled. Earlier this year, the Labor Department's Manpower Administration was told to draw up regulations for dismantling its job-training programs and shifting the responsibility to states and cities under special revenue sharing. The bureaucrats dutifully drafted a plan for publication in the Federal Register on July 1 (the start of fiscal 1974), a mandatory step before

implementing an Executive order. Yet the Manpower Administration has received no further instructions, there is no time left to meet the publishing deadline and the staff sits around waiting for the fall of the ax that no one seems to have remembered to swing.

Much of this drift can be laid to the relative disarray in the White House, which was formerly run with the high-handed authoritarianism of a Prussian drill field by the President's two top aides, H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Since the Watergate findings forced their resignations, the army of bureaucrats and other Government officials are having difficulty getting firm direction. The arrival of Laird at the White House could improve matters. Until very recently the Administration has also been hard put to find good people to fill key Administration slots that require Senate confirmation. At present about 30 are vacant, among them an Under Secretary of Treasury, a Deputy Secretary of Defense and 20 ambassadors.

The Watergate mess has left its mark in varying degrees on some key departments and agencies. The State Department is operating effectively under Secretary William P. Rogers, but the Defense Department has gone through three Secretaries in less than six months. Elliot Richardson had barely succeeded Laird when Watergate made it necessary for him to take the job of Attorney General and be replaced by James Schlesinger, former head of the Central Intelligence Agency. This rapid turnover comes at a time when the military, still dazed by a Viet Nam hangover, is standing wearily on the sidelines wondering which direction to take, what strategy to follow and against which enemy—if any—to plan.

Much of the excitement and spirit of the Environmental Protection Agency diminished when—again because of Watergate—William Ruckelshaus was drafted temporarily to run the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Since the President has now appointed Kansas City Police Chief Clarence M. Kelley permanent FBI director, Ruckelshaus' future is uncertain. His able stand-in at EPA, Robert Fri, now insists he will be returning to private life in a few weeks.

On top of all this, the clout that the President once wielded over Congress has diminished. Last week, for instance, the House thumbed down by 19 votes an Administration minimum-wage proposal and passed instead a more generous Democratic bill that Nixon's aides had handily blocked in 1972 on grounds that it would be inflationary. More such defeats will inevitably come unless the President can demonstrate that he has regained the energy to govern purposefully. The announcement of a new anti-inflation program this week would be the best way for Nixon to start: it would demonstrate that he recognizes which problem has been most seriously aggravated by the Government's paralysis.

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ing abroad. Last week a U.S. visitor to Paris trying to buy a box of candy with greenbacks was excitedly ushered to a nearby bank by the candy dealer, who insisted that the American exchange his dollars for francs before making the purchase—apparently out of genuine concern that the dollar's price in francs would drop by the minute. A G.I. stationed in West Germany moaned that he could not even accurately budget big outlays like his monthly rent, since the portion of his dollar paycheck needed to cover his mark rental bill has expanded painfully in every recent month.

A good many Americans appear to distrust their own currency, and fear that foreigners will not accept it. The U.S. offices of Perera & Co. Inc., money dealers, are thronged with tourists seeking to buy foreign money, or traveler's checks denominated in ten foreign currencies, before they go overseas. They

heads the House Ways and Means Committee and is widely regarded as a symbol of fiscal integrity. Foreigners confused Wilbur, who is very much alive, with Representative William Mills, a Maryland Republican who died last month as an apparent suicide.

Once again, though, U.S. inflation enters the picture. Logically, the dollar now appears undervalued to many financial experts in the U.S. and abroad. But the more American prices go up, the greater the loss of faith in the dollar and the quicker dollars flow out of the U.S. into stronger currencies, worsening the U.S. balance of payments. To some extent, the concern of overseas countries may represent a holier-than-thou attitude; Europe and Japan suffer roaring inflations of their own. Yet the U.S., after posting one of the lowest inflation rates of any industrialized country during 1972, has made the unhap-

freeze, and seemed on the verge of persuading him to move once again. But his vaulting ambition has been disappointed by the fact that he has not been given a more impressive Administration title, easy access to the President and a staff of his own. Oddly, his chief opponent, Free Marketeer Shultz, was also said to be looking around for a graceful way to exit. Besides the potential professional humiliation of having his beloved Phase III repudiated, Shultz has been almost as distressed as Connally by the President's lack of attention to economic affairs. Connally's political chores would probably be taken over by Melvin Laird, who became well grounded on economic policy in the House. Shultz, who has served as a top Nixon aide ever since the President took office, would be much harder to replace. Conceivably, he might be succeeded by his Deputy at the Treasury, William E.



NIXON WITH SHULTZ & CONNALLY AT THE PRESIDENT'S KEY BISCAYNE HOME (1972)
In the post-Watergate economy, a sense of drift, inattention and indecision.

worry that if they take dollars, the price in foreign money will sink farther before they reach their destinations. Nicholas Deak, head of Deak & Co. Inc., which owns the Perera offices, wonders how Perera's staff will get through the summer. "They are already exhausted, and the peak tourist season has not yet started," he says. Gold, the traditional refuge of people who suspect any paper money, soared at one point last week to an unheard-of \$127 an ounce in London, about triple its official price in dealings between governments.

Mad Scramble. Foreign reluctance to accept greenbacks has motivations beyond the oversupply of dollars. One is an unsophisticated—or perhaps starkly honest—view of Watergate, which amounts to a feeling that the scandal shows that the U.S. Government is in trouble, and that its currency is not to be respected. "As Watergate drags on and more revelations threaten the President's integrity, the more the dollar is likely to come under pressure," warns a Frankfurt money dealer. "That in turn will cause a mad scramble to unload vast amounts of dollars." Foreign sensitivity has reached such a pitch that the dollar recently sold off on reports of the death of Wilbur Mills. The Arkansas Democrat who

py switch to catching up with many of its trade partners.

Thus all the aspects of the U.S. economic malaise interact in circular fashion to intensify one another. Rapid U.S. inflation makes the dollar look weaker than ever to foreigners, and they mark its price down against their own currencies. The dollar's slide then worsens the American inflation by increasing the price of imported goods and materials—for instance oil from the Arab states of the Middle East. The fewer Saudi Arabian riyals an American dollar equals, the higher the price of Arab oil in the U.S. Prices of American stocks slip because of worries about inflation and the declining dollar—the latter one of the prime sources of Wall Street's recent frets. The stock market slide makes foreigners still more suspicious of the American economy and more prone than ever to sell dollars. And so it goes.

In any attempt to break through this cycle, Nixon faced trouble within his own Administration. New Republican John Connally has been bitterly announcing to friends that he is ready to leave his job as a White House consultant after only about a month and go back to Texas. As Secretary of the Treasury in 1971, Connally helped mightily to sell Nixon on the original wage-price

Simon, who has become an increasingly forceful personality in the department. Almost no one who followed Shultz, however, would quickly acquire his clout as the Administration's chief economic spokesman.

Making News. The very interrelatedness of Nixon's economic problems presented the President with an unparalleled opportunity. Any bold action that he might take against inflation would give the stock market a further lift, and almost surely firm up the dollar as well. Foreign money men evinced an almost pathetically eager desire to see the U.S. do something, anything, to combat inflation.

Moreover, Nixon can hardly fail to realize that a sudden new initiative on any front—especially inflation, his and the nation's most pressing worry—would be guaranteed to make news and give the nation the feeling that he is once more coping with the country's problems rather than his own. In his April 30 TV speech, the President expressed an impatience to leave the Watergate mess behind and get on with the "larger duties of this office." Last week there was no more monumental decision facing him than how to deal with the sapping of economic strength caused by the inflation fever.

ARMAMENTS

The U.S. Goes to Market

Without any congressional debate or much public discussion, the U.S. is enlarging its role as a major international supplier of weapons. Even more intriguing: the U.S. choice of prospective new markets for sophisticated equipment. Last week Secretary of State William P. Rogers announced that President Nixon had authorized the sale of F-5E supersonic jet fighters to Marxist Chile and four other South American countries. Earlier, the State Department had indicated American willingness to sell the prestigious F-4 Phantom jet fighter-bomber to Saudi Arabia, a heavy financial backer of the Palestinian liberation movement against Israel. The department also disclosed that negotiations were under way for the sale of other advanced armaments to another Arab country, Kuwait.

Although State Department officials contended that there was nothing novel about the proposed sales, the ventures in both areas appeared to be reversals of longstanding policies. Conforming to the formally expressed wishes of Congress, the U.S. has not sold any sophisticated weapons in Latin America for five years. It has never supplied Phantoms to an Arab country. Though some have been sold to Iran, the Phantom has generally been regarded as a symbol of U.S. military aid to Israel.

Major arms sales to Latin America ceased after Congress complained about Latin leaders spending huge sums on weapons and then seeking aid to feed their peoples. In 1968 Congress voted against further sales unless the President decided that they were important to the security of the United States. In announcing Nixon's waiver to permit sales to Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia and Venezuela, the Administration put no emphasis on "security" interests.

Rogers said that the policy of "paternalism" had not worked.

In fact, Latin America does offer lucrative potential arms markets, which must be especially tempting to the U.S. in light of its current imbalance of payments in world trade. But there is as yet no guarantee that the U.S. will capture these valuable markets. No contracts have been signed and some may be difficult to conclude in the face of competition, particularly from the French. "The U.S. always rubs us the

na, Brazil, Colombia and Venezuela.

There is no doubt about the eagerness of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait to buy U.S. arms. Saudi Arabia is negotiating for up to \$1 billion worth of Phantoms and other equipment, such as gunboats, minesweepers and landing craft. Kuwait wants about \$500 million worth of equipment (including undetermined aircraft) and services to help build airfields, for example. Though such sales would also help the U.S. balance of payments, Washington sources indicate there are bigger factors involved here.

First, the U.S. does not regard either Saudi Arabia or Kuwait as a threat to Israel. That view is not necessarily shared by Israelis, many of whom feel that the planes could easily be loaned



PHANTOM JETS TAKING OFF FROM AIRFIELD IN ISRAEL

wrong way when it decides to sell us equipment," a brigadier general in the Argentine air force told TIME last week. "The Viet Nam War is over, so now we are supposed to buy surplus re-modeled F-5Es. Admittedly they are cheaper than the French Mirage [\$1.6 million each, compared with \$2.2 million for the Mirage], but this is just a hooker to sell expensive spare parts later." In fact, France has already sold more than 500 Mirages to Argenti-

to a more militant Arab power, like Egypt. But in the State Department's view, the Saudi and Kuwaiti interests are focused primarily on protecting their oil-rich territories against possible attack by other Middle Eastern states. Soviet-armed Iraq, for instance, has already scared tiny Kuwait with border incursions. But why should the U.S., which carefully avoided trying to fill the military vacuum left by Britain's withdrawal from the Persian Gulf in 1971, decide to get involved now? The answer, mentioned but not emphasized by Washington officials, may largely be oil.

Saudi Arabia and Kuwait are two of the biggest Middle East suppliers of oil to the U.S. By helping them to protect themselves, the U.S. is also helping to protect valuable sources of much needed fuel. At the same time, the U.S. would be reducing the chances of either country shutting off oil supplies to the U.S. of their own accord. If they become as reliant on the U.S. for weapons (and the training and spare parts that go with them) as the U.S. is dependent on them for fuel, the pipelines are likely to remain open. In short, the politics of oil (TIME cover, April 2) seem to be emerging, at last, as a major factor in U.S. Middle East policy.



IRANIAN AIR FORCE F-5 FIGHTERS, SIMILAR TO THOSE BEING OFFERED TO LATIN AMERICA "Paternalism" has failed and besides, the market is lucrative.

ISRAEL

Starting Anew

As the blue and white Luftwaffe 707 jet landed at Lod airport, an Israeli band struck up a tune that 30 years ago began *Deutschland über Alles*.*

But this time the song was played for a German Chancellor who had won the Nobel Peace Prize, and who wanted only the friendship of the Jews. The symbolism of Willy Brandt's visit to Israel last week—the first by a West Ger-

mains characterized by the historical and moral background of our experiences." Then, addressing Israeli Premier Golda Meir, who was dressed all in white, he added: "You extended an invitation to the representative of a new epoch in Germany's state history. This means you confront the power of the past with the challenge of the present. I feel that mankind would indeed be lost but for the courage to make a new beginning."

The Israelis, for their part, were officially cordial—but not too cordial.

Whereas Brandt stressed his role as West German Chancellor, Golda Meir welcomed him as an individual who had fought the Nazis "in the darkest period for the human race." Both leaders, perhaps significantly, spoke in a neutral language, English.

During the 30-mile helicopter flight from Lod to Jerusalem, Brandt—who had visited the city in 1960, when he was mayor of West Berlin—donned earphones so that his Israeli companions could point out the sights. Later, he was taken to Yad Vashem, a solemn memorial to Jews killed by the Nazis. Standing near such names as Auschwitz, Dachau, Buchenwald, spelled out in English and Hebrew on the memorial's floor, Brandt heard the cantor chant: "Let the Lord remember the souls of our brethren... who were put to death, and who were killed and choked, and who were buried alive." As Brandt wordlessly moved to lay a wreath against the "Tomb of the Martyrs' Ashes," a look of anguish passed over his face. He stood for a moment in dramatic silence, his hands clasped in front of him.

Demonstrators, most of them youths from right-wing groups, appeared at some of Brandt's stops with signs saying *GERMANS GO HOME* and *WE WON'T FORGIVE THE*

GERMAN MURDERS. The mood of the Israeli people as a whole seemed much less strident. A poll taken just before Brandt's arrival showed 66% in favor of the visit, and in Jerusalem he was greeted by friendly crowds chanting "Wil-ly, Wil-ly."

After his emotional visit to the Yad Vashem memorial, Brandt went to Mrs. Meir's office for some unemotional talks about his policy of reconciliation with the East—including his effort to win back Arab states that broke off relations with West Germany when it dispatched an ambassador to Israel in 1965. (So far six of the ten countries that severed ties have sent their ambassadors back to Bonn.) Brandt, in his turn, listened to a

detailed explanation of Israel's stand in the Middle East.

Repeatedly, Brandt stressed his country's neutrality in the Arab-Israeli conflict. West Germany, said a spokesman, would "not talk differently to different countries." The Chancellor's itinerary was carefully arranged so that he would not find himself—except for a brief private visit to the old city of Jerusalem—in territory that the Israelis had taken in the Six-Day War. Mrs. Meir, who visibly warmed to her guest as his trip progressed, promised even to break her vow that she would never set foot in Germany. To the surprise of many, she accepted Brandt's invitation to Bonn. That trip, which has yet to be scheduled, is likely to be even more dramatic—and traumatic—than Brandt's visit to Israel.

GREECE

Forging the Chains

Swiftly and ruthlessly Greece's military dictatorship moved to complete the transition from monarchy (without a King) to republic (without an elected President). The regime made it clear that any support for deposed King Constantine is now considered treason. Opposition leaders were followed and warned to remain silent about the monarchy, or risk arrest. Some military leaders suspected of lingering royalist sympathy have lost their posts, while others have been arrested. There were reports that some naval officers accused of participation in last month's mutiny attempt (TIME, June 11) were being tortured. Portraits of the King vanished from walls in restaurants and other public places. Military insignia bearing the crown were ripped off uniforms, creating a severe button crisis—each officer's uniform requires 13 buttons. Regime-approved replacements are nonexistent and tailors are making do with plain metal buttons.

In Athens, the atmosphere was uneasily calm. For the present, at least, Strongman George Papadopoulos has won out. Said one Western diplomat: "Once the colonels got through the first 24 hours, they were home free." If the mutiny had spread throughout the armed forces, the regime would have been in dire straits.

Why had the colonels moved in the first place? According to another high-ranking observer, "The regime was in serious trouble. It had to do something fast and dramatic, and it did." By abolishing the monarchy and naming himself "provisional President" of the new republic, Papadopoulos seems to have stilled, at least for the short term, anti-regime activity rising from a host of factors: charges of corruption within government, soaring inflation and spreading student unrest. Capping the dissent was the mutiny aboard the Greek destroyer *Pelos*, which some sources be-



WEST GERMANY'S CHANCELLOR AT MARTYRS' MEMORIAL. An almost unbearably poignant symbolism.

man Chancellor—was obvious, but almost unbearably poignant nonetheless.

Brandt, indeed, was quick to point out that the past—specifically the murder of 6,000,000 Jews by his countrymen during the Hitler era—could never be erased, either by the Germans or the Israelis. "The sum of the suffering and of the horror cannot be removed from the consciousness of our people," he said at the airport ceremonies. "Cooperation between our two countries re-

*Written in the 19th century to an earlier melody by Joseph Haydn, the anthem, which once began "Germany, Germany, above all others," was originally a plea for unification of the many German states. The Nazis perverted it into a war cry. The song now begins: "Unity and right and freedom for the German fatherland."



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THE WORLD

lieve was intended to be part of a wider navy-sponsored revolt.

For Papadopoulos and his fellow colonels, that had been a heavy blow: dissension within the military—upon which their power rests—could bring them down. The subsequent purge has involved at least 50 line officers in the lieutenant commander, commander and captain ranks—a third of the officers in those ranks.

Last week Papadopoulos announced that Greeks would vote on their new form of government before the end of July. As outlined in a statement entitled "Twelve Basic Principles," the new republican Greece will strongly emphasize presidential power. The head of state would be a President elected for a single seven-year term, with almost limitless powers in the areas of defense, foreign affairs and public security. There would be a 200-member Parliament: 180 elected and

20 appointed by the President. Almost certainly, that President would be Papadopoulos himself.

National elections were promised by the end of next year. The worth of such elections, however, was questioned by opposition politicians. "Plebiscites have a meaning to people who are free," said John Zigdis, a former minister who was jailed for 18 months in 1970 by the junta. "For a bound people, plebiscites are an insult. It is an attempt to make them collaborate in the forging of their chains."

The exiled King of the Hellenes (see box) will probably continue to be a focus for antiregime forces. Constantine, however, is considerably less potent as a deposed King than he was as the constitutional, if exiled monarch



The King is out—long live the republic!

—regardless of how unconstitutional his deposition was. His hopes that other nations might withhold recognition of what is technically a new government appear to be vain: the U.S. and other Western nations seemed to be regarding the issue as a relatively minor question of protocol. Meanwhile, Constantine has lost not only his annual

Constantine: "I Will Return"

In one of the few interviews he has given since his 1967 exile, King Constantine of Greece last week spoke with TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn on the terrace of the comfortable royal villa off Rome's Via di Porta Latina. Excerpts from their conversation:

Wynn: Do you still regard yourself as the legal chief of state of Greece?

Constantine: Yes. I am head of state until the Greek people freely decide otherwise. The first government formed after the coup of April 21, 1967 [headed by Constantine Kollias, a civilian], swore its oath to me. So did Papadopoulos when he assumed the premiership in December 1967 and when he later became regent. But now he has proclaimed himself President with no legal basis whatsoever.

Wynn: You have legal power to appoint a new Premier. Would you appoint a government in exile?

Constantine: Legally, there are many things I can consider. But what I will do remains to be seen, after my consultations over the next few weeks with leaders of my country of all shades of political opinion.

Wynn: The junta, at least for the moment, seems to have the machinery of power in its hands. What weapons do you envisage that opponents of the regime can use: civil disobedience, armed rebellion, international pressure?

Constantine: I do not want to advocate civil disobedience or violence. The present regime tends to provoke that sort of thing, and I do not wish to advocate it. I would say that international pressure and persuasion are the most important weapons.

Wynn: What do you suggest the Western democracies should do regarding the junta?

Constantine: For one thing, they can withhold diplomatic recognition of the regime in Athens. The diplomats [in Athens] were accredited to me and to no one else. How can they now assume that those credentials are transferred to an illegal regime? Until the people of Greece can freely express themselves, this is essential. Otherwise, the free world will be condoning a *coup d'état* with no legal basis.

Wynn: Is it your opinion that the U.S. has made a mistake thus far in co-operating with the junta?

Constantine: It is clear that the U.S. Government has given Greece aid in different forms. This aid is welcome. It has been announced a number of times that parallel to the aid given, there have been forms of persuasion to induce the regime to restore democracy. If this parallel effort has ever been applied, I am not aware of it.

Wynn: Would you call all Greek opposition groups in exile together into one movement under your leadership?

Constantine: As King of the Hellenes, I must remain above parties. Therefore it is up to them to get together. If they do, I will support them wholeheartedly.

Wynn: Papadopoulos, who once called himself a "dedicated monarchist," has now proclaimed a republic. Why did he take such action at this time?

Constantine: Whether he ever was a monarchist is for him to say. However, I think he made a definite switch when he saw I was absolutely opposed to dictatorship and his form of government. He had to act to divert public attention from the difficulties the regime faced in the country—the student uprisings, the rebellion of naval officers, economic problems.

Wynn: What is the basis of Papadopoulos' power in your opinion?

Constantine: His power is based on violence, pressure and fear. He uses the usual apparatus of dictatorship to remain in power. But I am certain his power will be totally eroded, though I cannot predict just how it will end.

Wynn: Your allowance from the government has been canceled. Do you face financial problems?

Constantine: Yes. I have always accepted the allowance as from the people of Greece. Press reports have said we are wealthy, but this is untrue. Most of my money is inside Greece. I have not yet decided how I will solve this problem, and I do not know yet even where I will live. But I have said I will return to Greece, and I will return.

CONSTANTINE & HIS FAMILY



THE WORLD

\$580,000 stipend but his palaces in Tatoi and probably Corfu as well, and the regime has ordered the Greek Orthodox Church to cease singing prayers for the health and safety of the royal family. Even birthday greetings are forbidden: Athens police summoned a group of 23 women from a working-class suburb of the capital and warned them that repeating their birthday salute to the King last week would put them "in serious trouble."

The progovernment press was filled with telegrams praising the regime's action, from such organizations as the Horticultural Association of Macedonia, the Dentists' Association of Thrace and the Parents' Association of Xanthi Secondary Schools. Individuals were less ready to comment. In a rural village outside Athens, *TIME* Correspondent William Marmon asked one man what he thought about the sacking of the King. His reply: "Yes, I have an opinion, but I can't say anything. I am afraid of what might happen to me. I don't trust anyone."

SPAIN

Enter the Admiral

Francisco Franco has long sworn that he would remain in power "as long as God grants me life and a clear mind." Last week the wizened 80-year-old Caudillo stood erect for two hours while taking the salute at a Madrid parade marking the 34th anniversary of his Civil War victory. He then went off on one of his routine fishing trips and even attended a bullfight. But late in the week, after that impressive display of either vigor or iron will, Franco announced that he was stepping down as President and head of government. His successor: crusty, author-

itarian Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, 70. It was far from a total retirement, since Franco remains chief of state (the nation's highest post) and head of the armed forces. Thus he continues as Carrero Blanco's superior. But never before in his 37-year political career had the diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) generalissimo ever relinquished a post.

Inured as they were to constantly recurring rumors that El Caudillo was ailing or senile or about to quit, Spaniards were nonetheless taken unawares. What surprised them more than the appointment of Carrero Blanco was the fact that Franco had finally come to a decision. The admiral has been Franco's closest crony and top subordinate for many years, and has served his leader in government posts ever since the end of the Civil War in 1939. The two men share similarly hostile views toward liberalism, socialism and Communism. Spaniards say that Carrero Blanco "is more Franco than Franco himself." The author of several works on naval history, stocky, black-browed Admiral Carrero Blanco once summed up his feelings on political change this way: "Let no one, from without or within, harbor the least hope of being able to alter in any respect our institutional system."

Day to Day. The title of President is somewhat misleading. Carrero Blanco in effect will be Spain's Prime Minister, in charge of the day-to-day operation of the government with the power to name his own Cabinet. Once the present set of ministers resigns, as required by the constitution, he is expected to name several replacements. Among those most likely to go: pro-American Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo, who was responsible for Spain's diplomatic recognition of East Germany and China, and Justice Minister Tomás Garicano Gohí, who evidently fell from favor when he ordered police not to use firearms during this year's May Day demonstrations. One policeman died in ambush, triggering a later protest by Spanish police.

No major policy changes were expected, but there was speculation that the armed forces and the Falange—Franco's oldtime political party, now absorbed into the National Movement, as Spain's one legal party is called—would rise in influence. Carrero Blanco is believed to maintain an affection for veteran Falangists who fought long ago for Franco; he may well decide that it is time for them to be allowed to reassert themselves. Correspondingly, the power of technocrats affiliated with the modernist, religio-political movement known as *Opus Dei* might decline.

The reshuffle was expected to have little effect on the position of Prince Juan Carlos, 35, who was named by Franco in July 1969 to be his eventual successor as chief of state. Who was the prince's chief mentor in his long training to assume the throne? Carrero Blanco.



POMPIDOU ARRIVING IN ICELAND

FRANCE

Taking Pompidou's Pulse

French President Georges Pompidou recently confided to a friend that "when people shake my hand these days, I get the impression they are really taking my pulse." With some reason.

Public worry over the President's health has mounted from the whispered rumor stage to front-page news. During the past year, Pompidou, now 61, has gained at least 20 lbs., ballooning from bourgeois rotundity to sickly flabbiness. His complexion has become blotchy, and he has begun to walk stiffly and clumsily. Descending from his jet to meet with President Nixon in Iceland late last month, he stumbled and nearly fell, though he was clinging firmly to both handrails.

Those distressing symptoms were more than enough to touch off public concern. Speculation about Pompidou's well-being reached new heights when the Elysée Palace announced last week that the President was canceling several social engagements over the next several weeks, "because he had not had the opportunity to take the rest needed to recover from the influenza he had suffered repeatedly this past winter." In what seemed an attempt at public reassurance, an official emphasized that Pompidou would carry on his regular office routine, which this week included meeting three African heads of state, the prime ministers of Korea and Mauritius, and several high-ranking French officials. Pompidou, the Elysée Palace said, would go ahead with official visits to West Germany later this month and to China in September, and would receive Italian President Giovanni Leone in Paris in late June.

Behind the official explanations, however, grimmer rumors were circu-



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lating. Elysée officials blamed his puffiness on the cortisone he is said to be taking to control rheumatism. But there was considerable speculation that his flabbiness and frailty were really due to radioactive cobalt treatments for a disease thought to be cancer of the bone marrow. Lending some credence to this rumor is the fact that one of his physicians, Professor Jean Bernard, is a leading leukemia specialist.

Pompidou's seven-year term of office expires in 1976. Under the constitution he can resign or be removed from office if he is too ill to continue. In such a case, national elections would be held within 35 days. Among the possible successors: Minister of Finance Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, 47, and former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, 58. If Pompidou decided to step down, he would almost certainly attempt to hand-pick a successor.

For the moment, at least, that eventuality seemed distant. After a mid-week Cabinet meeting, Government Spokesman Joseph Comiti, who also happens to be a surgeon, said that the President was in "very great form." But then he added that Pompidou was leaving Paris immediately for a week's holiday at his country home in Cajar, near Toulouse. Was he ill? "Well," said Comiti, "he would not be resting at Cajar if nothing were wrong with him. Everybody is ill from time to time." Trailing Pompidou's limousine on the road to Cajar was an ambulance.

INDOCHINA

Eleventh-Hour Frustrations

Obtaining a genuine peace in Indochina remains a Tantalus-like frustration, visible but just beyond reach. That was apparent last week as Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho met again in Paris to seek a way of implementing last January's moribund peace agreement.

Kissinger landed at Orly Airport in a jovial mood, noting the "progress and cooperative spirit" that marked his talks with Tho before they recessed May 23. At a reception at Paris' George V Hotel, a perpetually smiling Tho assured guests that he was "optimistic." From Saigon came cheering reports that Vietnamese and Western officials saw the time as ripe for movement toward a real peace. Official photographers and television cameramen were admitted to the first session, which opened Wednesday morning at the Communist villa in Gif-sur-Yvette, a Paris suburb. At previous talks, the presence of the cameras had meant that agreement was near.

Then came a thunderbolt from Saigon. A spokesman for South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu declared that his government would not sign any political agreement worked out between



THIEU IN SAIGON

Searching for peace amid perpetual smiles.



KISSINGER CONFERRING IN PARIS*

only Kissinger and Tho. Acknowledging that Washington and Hanoi can strike whatever deals they please in matters concerning only them, such as possible U.S. aid for North Viet Nam, Saigon insisted that it be present at any sessions where decisions were made affecting South Viet Nam.

Kissinger and Tho were apparently unprepared for these new objections. In Saigon, acting U.S. Ambassador Charles Whitehouse conferred twice with South Vietnamese Foreign Minister Tran Van Lam. He also spent three hours closeted with Thieu at the Presidential Palace—one of the longest meetings since the cease-fire. Next morning, another government spokesman announced that the declaration of the previous day was "inaccurate." Rather than being unalterably opposed to any new agreement, he said, Saigon would remain flexible and would not commit itself either way.

Quite clearly, Thieu was worried that Kissinger would make concessions to the North Vietnamese that Saigon has long opposed. Saigon, for example, fears that the U.S. will not pressure the North to withdraw its military forces from the South before national elections. Thieu refuses to accept these elections until the North Vietnamese army withdraws completely.

Hanoi, for its part, still does not admit that it has troops in the South, although they are indisputably there. The Communists worry that if their forces withdraw, Saigon's troops would invade Viet Cong areas, break up the V.C. cadres and arrest suspect Communist sympathizers—thus guaranteeing an election result favorable to Thieu.

Saigon also opposes any deal by Kissinger that would place a third, "uncommitted" party on the National Council

for Reconciliation and Concord. Thieu insists that the council comprise only his government supporters and those of the Viet Cong's Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G.).

Thieu's eleventh-hour intransigence has been rewarded in the past. He won concessions by refusing to go to the conference table in October 1968 and by balking at last October's original cease-fire terms. This time he hopes to gain re-affirmation by all parties to the agreement that any matter concerning the political sovereignty of the South Vietnamese people is to be decided by Saigon's present government and the P.R.G. Thieu's objections, together with problems brought up by the North Vietnamese, were enough, in any event, to stymie the expected agreement. Kissinger flew back to Washington over the weekend to finish preparations for the Nixon-Brezhnev summit, but planned to return to Paris early this week to try, once again, to stop the fighting.

Events in Indochina last week indicated the need to implement the cease-fire. Heavy fighting continued in Cambodia, much of it for control of Route 4, Phnom-Penh's link to its only deep-water seaport. As American jets flew support missions for Cambodian government troops, the U.S. lost its second pilot in two weeks. On South Viet Nam's northern border, Hanoi continued building its supply roads through the Demilitarized Zone into the northern provinces of South Viet Nam, in violation of the January agreement. Far to the south, week-long clashes in the Mekong Delta, according to Saigon, left 302 Communists dead, while ARVN suffered 46 dead and 152 wounded.

*With deputy U.S. Negotiator William Sullivan and Graham Martin, Ambassador-Designate to South Viet Nam.



CONCORDE TAKING OFF WHILE TU-144 SITS ON RUNWAY

DISASTERS

Deadly Exhibition

"Just wait until you see us fly," said Russian Test Pilot Mikhail Koslov. "Then you'll see something." Koslov's pride in his airplane seemed justified. Nearly everyone who attended the Paris Air Show agreed that the Russian supersonic transport, TU-144, was a more impressive-looking craft than its smaller but graceful rival, the Anglo-French Concorde. The final day of the show last week was mostly devoted to flying exhibitions. The Concorde was the first of the SSTs to perform under the canopy of gray clouds that loomed over Le Bourget Airport. As 350,000 spectators watched, French Pilot Jean Franchi put his big bird through a ten-minute series of brilliantly controlled

maneuvers and turns. He ended the performance with a fast pass over the field and a spectacular "zoom climb."

Then it was Koslov's turn. After a slow flight over the runway, the TU-144 started an even more awesome zoom climb, afterburners streaking yellow flame and turbofans thundering. "My God," said U.S. Test Pilot Bob Hoover, "I don't see how he can do it!" At 3,000 ft., Koslov began flattening his climb. The plane's needle nose pointed downward, then the craft went into an arrowhead plunge as the pilot struggled to regain control. The stress was too great. At 2,000 ft., the left wing ripped off first, followed by the tail and right wing. There was a flash of fire, and the plane fell apart. All six crewmen were killed, as well as seven residents of the village of Goussainville, where 20 homes were destroyed by the debris.

WRECKAGE OF RUSSIAN SST IN GOUSSAINVILLE



THE WORLD

The exact cause of the crash may never be known unless the Russians can recover more data from the TU-144's damaged flight recorder. Most experts blame Koslov for trying to force the TU-144 through maneuvers better suited to a fighter than an airliner. The real question, though, was not what caused the disaster but what effect it would have on the development of the SST. The French and British have had scant success in selling their enormously expensive Concorde (cost: \$46 million apiece). The Russians clearly had hoped that the Paris show would boost the TU-144, which is not only cheaper (\$23 million including spare parts) but also more economical to operate. That hope went down with the plane. It will take months to determine whether supersonic travel itself is still a dream or a reality for the mid-'70s.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Pidgin up a Tree

When the Portuguese landed on the south coast of the island in 1526, they called it Papua, after a Malay word that described the fuzzy hair of the inhabitants. When the Spanish claimed the north coast 19 years later, they called it New Guinea, because they thought the natives resembled those on the Guinea Coast of Africa. Since the two territories became jointly administered by Australia in 1949, they have gone by the hybrid mouthful of Papua New Guinea. The region is scheduled to become a single, self-governing nation in December, and the search is on for a new name. But there is one major problem: what heritage should it reflect?

Because the territory is home to hundreds of tribes and has nearly 500 different dialects, it struck some members of the Papua New Guinea Executive Council that a new national name might plausibly come from pidgin—the colorful fractured English (mirror, for example, is *glas bilong lukluk*) that has become the lingua franca of the area. To test popular reaction, the council recently decided to name the proposed national airline Air Niugini. Papuans complained that this might be a happy solution for New Guineans but it was a slight to them. Not so, said the council. Besides being pidgin, *niugini* is made up of two words taken from the most widely used Papuan dialect, Motu. True, answered Papua critics, but surely the council knew what the Motu words mean: *niu* is coconut, and *gini* is stand.

As of last week, Michael Somare, the territory's chief minister and a New Guinean from Wewak, seemed determined to stick by the new name. But Josephine Abaijah, a Papuan and sole woman member of the House of Assembly, was rallying the opposition. Meanwhile, she has taken to calling the proposed airline "Air Coconuts."

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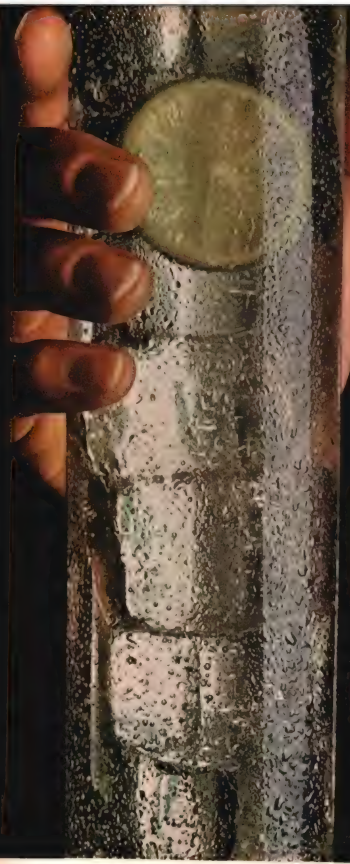


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PROPAGANDA

The Radio War

Over the throbbing beat of John Lennon's *Give Peace a Chance*, the mellifluous voice of a onetime hamburger impresario wafes daily across the Middle East air waves: "This is the voice of peace, broadcasting on 1,542 kilocycles from somewhere in the Mediterranean. This is the voice of love." For the next nine hours, there is a mixture of music, news and cheerful chatter. The music is often hard: lots of rock interspersed with golden oldies sung in Arabic, Hebrew and English. But the main pitch is soft: "We will sell peace with music, for everyone with music has a right to love."

The purveyor of harmony in a region of no war, no peace is Iranian-born Abraham ("Abie") Nathan, a former Israeli air force pilot. After making a financial killing with an American-style restaurant in Tel Aviv, in the late 1960s Nathan developed an insatiable hunger for peace. Three times he flew to Egypt, unsuccessfully trying for interviews with Gamal Abdel Nasser. Undeterred, he circled the globe promoting peace. Last month he set up his love-oriented radio station aboard a former Dutch coastal vessel, which roams 15 miles off the coasts of Israel and Lebanon. He has pledged not to leave the ship until it can sail through the Suez Canal and dock at Eilat.

Nathan is not exactly entering a vacuum with his seductive propaganda for peace. For more than 25 years, Middle East listeners have been caught in an ideological crossfire of radio rhetoric. Currently, for instance, Israel broadcasts more than 14 hours a day in Arabic over a powerful network that reaches an enormous area that includes Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Lebanon. The Israelis also offer a regular schedule of telecasts in Arabic. Cairo Radio aims at Israel twelve hours of daily broadcasting in Hebrew, English and French. Other Hebrew radio programs emanate from Damascus, Baghdad and Amman, which also recently started telecasts in Hebrew.

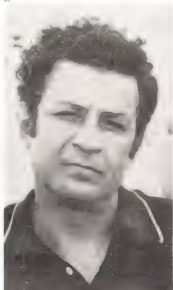
Voice of Love. Particularly in Arab countries, where illiteracy rates run high, radio is heavily relied on as a source of both entertainment and information. Almost every family can afford a cheap transistor, which is able to pick up most of the high-powered stations—including special services of the Voice of America, the BBC, Radio Moscow and Albania's Radio Tirana—as well as local broadcasts. On the night of a speech by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, Cairo streets echo with the sound of his harsh voice.

By far the most inflammatory of the propaganda programs are those by the Palestinian guerrilla movement. After the Israeli commando raid on Beirut in April, a Voice of Palestine broadcast from Algiers called on Arabs to "kill ev-

everyone who is American because all of them work for American intelligence."

Like Abie Nathan's new voice of love, the two most influential stations, Israel Broadcasting and Cairo Radio, emphasize persuasion rather than aural assault. "The Arabs do not know Israel," says Iraqi-born Zadok Ben-Meir, director of Israel's Arab station. "One of our tasks is to try to sell Israel to them." Cairo Radio's Hebrew service, inaugurated a year ago under the direction of Information Minister Mohammed Abdel Kader Hatem, takes the position that most Israelis do not know Israel either. Hatem asserts that the Hebrew service can "tell the Israelis the rest of the truth, the part denied in Is-

22



PEACE PLUGGER NATHAN

In a crossfire of rhetoric, "everyone has a right to love."

rael, that the violence used by the present government of Zionists will not give the Jews the security they seek."

Nobody in Israel would particularly care to emulate the heavily accented and often unidiomatic Hebrew spoken by Cairo Radio announcers. Still, the service in general is a low-key, if sometimes awkward attempt to persuade instead of conquer. A three-hour morning program is specially aimed at Israeli forces in the Sinai. It asks, in effect: "What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a desert like this? Just in case the Israeli soldiers don't bother to tune in on their radios, some programs are recorded and blared across the Suez Canal by loudspeaker.

Another target of Cairo's Israeli broadcasting is the Jewish immigrant from Arab countries. If Jews and Arabs were able to coexist peacefully in the past, the broadcasts rationalize, they can do so again. Some Arabs would like to see more programs aimed at young Sabras (native-born Israelis), in an attempt to exploit their discontent with their aging leaders.

Israel's propaganda broadcasts attract Arab listeners by playing recordings of famed Egyptian Songstress Umm Kulthum for two hours each day. Her latest songs are monitored off Cairo Radio and played by Israel even before stations in other Arab countries can air them. Some Arabs have accused Israel of stealing Umm Kulthum's melodies. Ben-Meir replied on the air: "When there is peace, we will settle the bill." The rest of the programming for Arabs is laden with news—150 minutes a day. Sometimes the items include exclusive details designed to show that Israel has eyes and ears in major Arab capitals. Israel Broadcasting once announced the answers to Egyptian school



LEBANESE BEDOUINS LISTENING TO TRANSISTOR

examinations the night before the tests were to be given.

Editorials and talk programs often criticize Arab leaders, of course. But some criticism of Israel is also allowed. An Israeli TV discussion included an Arab author's complaint that "Israel is the fingernail of American imperialism." Both the radio and television broadcasts to Arab countries benefit from well-spoken Arabic, and programs invariably begin with readings from the Koran. One of the most effective TV broadcasters is an Israeli of Arabic descent, Said Kassem, whose voice has been taped by Jordan for use in broadcasting courses.

Jordan, which often finds itself a target of both Arab and Israeli propaganda broadcasts, scored a coup recently by hiring a winsome female announcer for its Hebrew TV service. Born near Jerusalem, Afa Zabaneh, a Moslem, is greeted as a celebrity by old Jewish friends when she returns home for summer visits. If Abie Nathan ever gets around to opening a television station, he might consider hiring her.

PEOPLE

Memories of his Russian youth float through the paintings of **Marc Chagall** like some well-loved dream. Although he has lived much of his life in France, he went on painting the rabbinical figures, village steeples, brides, bouquets, clocks and animals of Vitebsk. Back in the U.S.S.R. for the first time since 1922, the 85-year-old artist was visibly moved by an exhibition of his work, some of which has been kept under lock and key as too "formalist" for the Soviet censors. Did he remember the paintings? Tentatively touching his 1917 oil, *The Wedding*, Chagall replied with tears in his eyes: "More than you can imagine."

"Don't rely on mothers, husbands, boy friends, girl friends and critics. Learn to self-analyze," the redheaded diva told the 120 or so seniors. **Beverly Sills** picked up an honorary doctorate from the New England Conservatory of Music and gave the graduating class some off-the-cuff advice. "Don't be the critic in the grandstand, be the bullfighter in the arena. Say 'yes' to life." She also talked about her sudden elevation to stardom at 37, seven years ago. "I'd worked for 30 years and, if that was overnight success, that was the longest night of my life."

Burlesque isn't dead as long as **Sally Rand** can lift a shocking pink ostrich-feather fan. At a benefit for Phoenix House, the Manhattan drug rehabilitation center, Sally, 69, got most of the midnight whistles from the Roseland

crowd studded with names, from Senator **Jacob Javits** (in black tie) to ex-Evangelist **Marjoe** (in jeans).

Among her most valued treasures, **Marlene Dietrich** explained to the London *Daily Express*, is a bit of penicillin culture, the first ever developed by the late **Sir Alexander Fleming**. How did she win this memento? "When I saw how his discovery saved the lives of soldiers who had lain in the mud for days, I had to see him with my own eyes. A meeting was arranged—a dinner party, I cooked. We became very close friends," she explained. "Men are better than women." Marlene went on. "I fancy myself as probably having more of a male brain. I am not easily distracted."

It was actually the day after his 30th birthday, but Broadway **Joe Namath** was presented with a cake at the Sealy-Fabergé Celebrity Golf Tournament in Las Vegas. Namath's next big moment came when he got an eagle on the par 5 15th hole. Namath, matched with Golfer **Marlene Hagge**, said he loved it, "because I'd always rather play with women [pros] than men."

China is the trip of the year. **Candice Bergen** is one of the Americans who has made it, having just returned with the usual testimony about the friendliness, the honesty, the self-reliance she found there—and the children. Not that there was much to interest an actress professionally—the Chinese make few feature films and the scripts have to be



CANDICE WITH HER NEW CHINESE FRIENDS
Very pro-American.

suitable for "the masses." Moreover, "I came away feeling very pro-American," Candy confessed. "My views are often different from my Government's, but I know very well that a Chinese with different views from his government's would probably be in jail."

Dr. **Marcus Welby** has had a long and distinguished medical career: four years of bringing comfort and wisdom to the sick and troubled of TV land. It seemed only appropriate to ask Actor **Robert Young** to deliver a few of Welby's simple truths to the graduating class of the University of Michigan medical school. Some of the seniors were not tuned in to Young's bedside manner. They held a countercommencement and got Dr. **Benjamin Speck**, the baby doctor and peace activist, to speak.

How much sex will the market bear? *Cosmopolitan* Editor **Helen Gurley Brown** wasn't a bit worried about *Playgirl* and *Viva*, the two liberated magazines that have been started up to steal away her 1,700,000 circulation. "The more competition, the better. After all, the pressing question is how to get through the night." Are the 600,000 women who grabbed up *Playgirl*'s first beefcake issue a new breed of female? "No, women are still worried about self-improvement. I throw in the sex, but I try to make *Cosmo* as much like the *Reader's Digest* as I can."

Singer-Dancer **Josephine Baker**, 67, was another aging belle who brought down the house. Taking a short vacation from her villa on the French Riviera and her twelve adopted children, she returned to New York for her first performance in nine years. At Carnegie Hall she sang a little, seductively, talked a lot, intimately, and smoothly did the Charleston, the dance she took with her to Paris in the '20s. Although everyone seemed to like her sequined body stocking, a few fans could not help remembering how pretty she used to look at the Folies-Bergère clad only in bananas.

SALLY WITH HER FANS



JOSEPHINE WITHOUT HER BANANAS



Skylab's "Mr. Fixit"

To his friends, Astronaut Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr. is known as "Mr. Fixit." During his youth, his mother recalls, he spent hours with Erector sets, model planes and finally cars and motorcycles. While in quarantine after his Apollo 12 moon-landing, he assembled a complex stereo system. Last week the 43-year-old Navy captain continued to live up to his reputation as Houston's No. 1 amateur mechanic. During a daring and dangerous four-hour walk in space—the longest ever attempted—he and Fellow Astronaut Joseph Kerwin freed Skylab's jammed solar wing, thus probably saving the mission and brightening chances for the completion of the \$2.6 billion Skylab program.

Power Shortage. As Conrad and his crew ended their second week in space, those chances seemed dim indeed. Skylab's power shortage—which resulted from the jamming of one solar panel and the loss of another during launch, when the orbital workshop's meteoroid and thermal shielding ripped off—had suddenly been compounded by a severe new problem. Two of Skylab's 18 storage batteries had failed. Four more batteries were performing far below normal, apparently because of excessive heat and overuse. When another battery faltered in midweek (only to revive mysteriously the next day), NASA officials feared that the mission might have to be drastically curtailed. They pointed out that the loss of only one more battery might 1) force the shutdown of the orbital workshop, 2) require the halt of all major experiments—including important biomedical tests—and 3) compel the astronauts to retreat to the cramped quarters of the Apollo command ship.

Having sufficient battery power was vital to the mission. Every time Skylab was in the earth's shadow—for some 30 minutes during each 90-minute orbit—the production of electricity by the four working windmill-shaped solar panels atop the telescope mount ceased, leaving the lab completely reliant on its batteries. Freeing the jammed solar wing thus assumed even greater importance: it could provide Skylab with another 3,000 watts of electricity while it was in sunlight and charge up eight idle batteries connected to the wing.

Soon after the astronauts had rendezvoused with Skylab last month, Astronaut Paul Weitz—leaving out of the Apollo command module—had attempted to pull the jammed wing out with a long-handled tool that resembled a boat hook. But a 2-ft.-long scrap of aluminum from the ripped shield was so tightly wrapped around the bottom of the wing that it would not extend. NASA's engineers and technicians, who had already displayed extraordinary

Yankee ingenuity in fashioning Skylab's makeshift sunshade, refused to give up. Experimenting with duplicates of tools aboard Skylab, they devised techniques for cutting, sawing and even prying off the metal. Practicing with these tools in simulated conditions of weightlessness in NASA's big water test tank at Huntsville, Ala., Backup Astronauts Rusty Schweickart and Ed Gibson demonstrated that the implements might well work in space.

Thus Mission Control gave the astronauts permission for the space walk. After donning their pressure suits, all three astronauts moved from the orbital-workshop area of Skylab into the multiple docking adapter. Then, while Weitz remained behind, Conrad and

beats a minute. "Take it easy," advised Space Veteran Conrad,* whose own heartbeat rose only to 110. While Conrad held the rope to the cutters, Kerwin tried to direct the pole so that the blades hooked around the aluminum strip. "I can't stabilize myself," he complained as he failed again and again. "I just can't do it." Finally, just as the spacecraft was about to make another pass into darkness—which would have forced the astronauts to halt their work because the illumination from the hatch area did not reach the solar wing—the cutter moved into place.

By then Skylab had passed out of range of ground listening posts, and the astronauts toiled for more than an hour in radio silence. It was only when Skylab moved back within range of NASA's big dish antenna in California's Mojave Desert that Mission Control learned the results. "We got the wing out and



NASA ENGINEER IN HUNTSVILLE REHEARSES PROCEDURE TO FREE SOLAR WING
After the longest walk, new hope for a \$2.6 billion program.

Kerwin went outside through a small side hatch in the airlock module.

Skylab was just about to enter the earth's shadow, and the astronauts had to begin their work illuminated only by lights in the hatch area. After they assembled five sections of tubing into a 25-ft.-long extension pole and attached it to a 2-ft.-long cutting tool similar to pruning shears, they untangled the long, snaking umbilical cords that provided them with oxygen and a communications link to Skylab and Mission Control. Then, as the sun reappeared, they began to make their way through the maze of trusses on Skylab's telescope mount, circled part way around the outside of the cylindrical airlock module and finally arrived within pole's reach of the jammed solar wing.

Working in the weightless environment proved difficult and strenuous; Kerwin's pulse went up as high as 150

locked," reported Conrad. With a tug from the astronauts, the solar wing had swung out perpendicular to the ship and its accordion-like silicon panels were unfolding. However, hydraulic fluid in the panels' spring mechanism had stiffened in the extreme cold, and the panels only partially came out. Yet by week's end the warming rays had thawed the fluid. The panels extended fully, and the eight previously idle batteries began charging up.

Meanwhile, Conrad described to Mission Control exactly why the crucial solar wing had been jammed. The strip of aluminum that obstructed it had been held in place by a single 1/8-in. bolt that had penetrated the solar wing when the shield was ripped off. "One lousy, single bolt," said Conrad incredulously. "Everything else was free."

*Who last week broke the record for total time in space, exceeding Jim Lovell's 715 hr. 5 min.

CINEMA

Enlightened Mischief

O LUCKY MAN!

Directed by LINDSAY ANDERSON

Screenplay by DAVID SHERWIN

This nearly overwhelming film is part epic allegory, part lighthearted Brechtian morality play and part three-ring circus. It is the saga of a young English coffee salesman (Malcolm McDowell), a description as precise and inadequate as saying that *Gulliver's Travels* concerns the misadventures of a ship's surgeon. In *O Lucky Man!* Lindsay Anderson calls on all the resources of the cinema, challenges them and ex-

point, as Mick, with his radiant smile and infinite belief in his own good fortune, tries to charm and brazen his way to the top. He is outwitted and undone at every turn, tortured in an atomic plant, made the scapegoat in an elaborately criminal international cartel. Even when Mick devotes his life to charity, he is confounded.

Bedraggled, without hope and apparently out of luck, he decides to answer a casting call. The director, who is Lindsay Anderson, photographs him (a clapper board reads: "*O Lucky Man!* Scene 755, Take 1"), coaches him holding schoolbooks and a machine gun (echoes of *It*), then tells him to smile. Mick will not. "What's there to smile about?" he demands. Anderson smacks him on the head with a script, an ironic rendering of one of those moments of illumination in Zen. The corners of Mick's mouth twitch upward into the beginnings of a grin: he understands what there is to smile about.

Everything in the film could be considered a kind of flashback from this one moment. Mick reassesses his recent life with the new knowledge that the only way to deal with absurdity is to recognize it. Winning that insight, he may be again the lucky man.

Such a summary cannot do justice to the complexities—and occasional confusions—of the film, does not convey Anderson's stylistic virtuosity, his sustained energy, his eagerness to explore, to take chances. Besides the direct presence of Price and his musicians, an idea that appears to derive directly from the stage and Anderson's considerable work in the theater over the past decade, the very rhythm of *O Lucky Man!* is unique, with scenes bridged by blank black frames and sometimes interrupted or punctuated by them. Without being fussy, the film has a reserved beauty, a nearly voluptuous grace, like the work of John Ford, a director Anderson especially admires (and whose picture hangs on the wall of the warden's office during a prison sequence).

Anderson's taste in satire is sometimes a shade too obvious, and he shares with Ford a sentimentality that can play him false, but the very impact and size of the movie (about three hours long) seem to dwarf even its mistakes. What will be remembered is not the occasional false steps but the prevailing tone of high spirits and ferocious humor in such scenes as a sex show behind a respectable hotel, or a trade meeting with an emerging African nation that manages to be both hilarious and horrifying.

Besides McDowell, the superb cast includes Ralph Richardson, Rachel Roberts, Arthur Lowe, Helen Mirren, Dandy Nichols, Mona Washbourne and Graham Crowden, each of whom appears in at least two different roles. This

is done to underscore the prevailing sense of strangeness, to give everything an eerie continuity and, quite characteristically and properly, just for the merry hell of it.

—Jay Cocks

Windup Doll

A DOLL'S HOUSE

Directed by PATRICK GARLAND

Screenplay by CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON

The famous door-slamming exit that climaxes Ibsen's once scandalous play about a bourgeois woman liberating herself from a claustrophobic marriage no longer shocks. The melodramatic blackmail plot in which she is ensnared for much of the time now seems a rather forced theatrical convention, not worthy of the playwright's thesis or a modern audience's interest. Its disclosure to her husband, which in turn exposes him as a hypocrite more concerned about his own status than his wife's reputation, seems both simple-minded and rather too specifically linked to a time (the late 19th century) and a place (gloomy Scandinavia) to be relevant to the contemporary war of the sexes.

Christopher Hampton's adaptation transcribes rather than transcends Ibsen's antique dramaturgy, while Patrick Garland's direction is curiously unreflected, so the whole enterprise gives off the air of a respectful college theatrical. As Nora Helmer, Claire Bloom seems to substitute aspiration for inspiration—a windup doll whose spring is not wound tightly enough under the tensions of dull domesticity in the early going, and who completely runs down in the final confrontation with her husband. As her antagonist, Anthony Hopkins acts more like a spoiled adolescent than an oppressor to reckon with. A quartet of worthy English actors—Sir



McDOWELL IN "LUCKY MAN"

Ironic illumination.

tends them. The movie is brash, eclectic, innovative, deeply personal and elusive—all at once. It is a transcendent movie; perhaps even a great one.

The story is a sort of streamlined *Pilgrim's Progress* shot through with vigorous satire. McDowell, a peerless young actor of apparently unlimited range, appears as Mick Travis, who when last seen was shooting up his prep school common in Anderson's *It*. Here again, Travis is afloat in a society that is both recognizable and out-of-joint, where business meetings can turn into blasé conferences on genocide. Mick's struggle to make a success in such an unbalanced world forms the classic curriculum of his picaresque education.

His journey is accompanied by some jauntily savage songs provided by the remarkable Alan Price, who, besides appearing as an actor, often comes onscreen to provide musical comment and counterpoint. "So smile while you're making it./ Laugh while you're taking it./ Even though you're faking it./ Nobody's gonna know," Price sings at one



EVANS & BLOOM IN "DOLL'S HOUSE"

Aspiration for inspiration.



Now a pair of sunglasses that work like a pair of eyes.

The naked eye is a remarkable thing. It adjusts automatically to give you just the right amount of light. When it's dark. When it's light. When it's bright.

Well now there's a remarkable pair of sunglasses—because they adjust automatically, too. Getting darker when the sun gets brighter. And lighter when the day gets darker. They adjust by themselves to give you the right amount of comfort and visibility. Bright day or cloudy. High noon or sunset. One pair of

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Yes...our growth has been fantastic...but there are still Scotch drinkers who haven't discovered the good honest taste and value of Lauder's. We intend to make a case of it.



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CINEMA

Ralph Richardson, Dame Edith Evans, Anna Massey and Denholm Elliot—wander aimlessly around in the supporting roles.

In all, the interest in this production of *A Doll's House* is mostly historical and comparative (Jane Fonda stars in yet another film of the play that is scheduled to be released in the fall). One emerges from it suffused with a feeling of duty done, a debt paid to cultural history. It is a mood entirely indistinguishable from boredom. ■ Richard Schickel

Culture Shock

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Directed by SID LEVIN and BOB ABEL

Flashback to the teen-age '50s: grease and black leather jackets, ankle bracelets, fins on cars, proms. And rock 'n' roll. In the cascade of nostalgia currently inundating the country, an entrepreneur named Richard Nader resurrected an assortment of vintage rock acts (Danny and the Juniors, the 5 Satins, Chubby Checker) and packaged them into a free-floating concert tour called the *Rock and Roll Revival*. This film is a sort of illustrated program of the show, featuring backstage highlights, biographical chatter and large-scale photo portraits of the stars.

Had it been content to record the onstage performances of the musicians, many of them still rowdy and full of solid, rough energy, the movie would have been enjoyable enough. Film Makers Levin and Abel, however, have also tried to compress the history of the '50s between the concert scenes. Some of the stock footage they unearthed is silly and funny, and some is bafflingly remote: scenes from television quiz shows like *Strike It Rich* and *Queen for a Day*; lectures from the P.T.A. chairwoman about dress codes for the local high school; and from city officials about the dangers of this new music (it was supposed to promote riots, you may recall); Brando on a motorcycle, James Dean slumped across the front seat of a car, Michael Landon turning into a foaming teen-age werewolf.

As long as they concentrate on dusting off these pop curiosities, Levin and Abel do well enough. But they also try, unfortunately, for something a little more substantial. Adlai Stevenson joins Jayne Mansfield, Khrushchev is paired off with the Coasters. There is even a bathetic requiem to some departed figureheads of the decade as the 5 Satins sing *I'll Be Seeing You*: Spence Tracy, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift—a soggy and unintentionally demeaning memorial. It is the music that comes off best. The Shirelles are funny and sexy. Bo Diddley wonderfully raunchy and Chuck Berry, his voice past the point of strain, still kinetic and outrageous. He is a performer who neatly and emphatically encapsulates the lowdown power of rock 'n' roll. ■ J.C.

Watergate Issues, 1 Is Publicity Dangerous?

The nightmare begins with a very proper prosecutor facing a panel of potential jurors. "This case grows out of the so-called Watergate affair," he is saying. "Any of you who have read anything about the case—or heard radio or TV broadcasts about it—will be excused from the jury." The nightmare ends when no qualified U.S. citizen can be found to sit in the jury box.

Last week Archibald Cox, the special Watergate prosecutor, outlined a muted version of just that nightmare as he asked Senator Sam Ervin's select Watergate committee to postpone its sessions for perhaps three months. "The continuation of hearings," said Cox, "would create grave danger that the full facts . . . will never come to light, and that many of those who are guilty of serious wrongdoing will never be brought to justice." Backed unanimously by his committee, Sam Ervin rejected "the suggestion that the Senate investigation will impede the search for truth." As he had previously observed: "It is much more important for the American people to find out the truth . . . than sending one or two people to jail."

Although Cox reluctantly accepted the Ervin committee's decision, he was still trying at week's end to persuade Federal Judge John Sirica to ban the public from the hearings, or at least to ban TV and radio coverage of potential defendants like former White House Counsel John Dean. Since reporters would presumably still be admitted, the absence of TV cameras or radio microphones would hardly insulate the public from the proceedings.

Untidy Mix. As head of a Senate committee, Ervin has a constitutional right to press ahead, but his statement of the conflict between "the truth" and "sending one or two people to jail" seemed to concede Cox's point that the hearings might impair future legal proceedings. A concurring opinion came from Massachusetts Judge Paul Reardon, who drafted the A.B.A.'s free press-fair trial guidelines: "The Sixth Amendment, which guarantees the accused the right to a speedy public trial by an impartial jury, is going down the drain in this affair."

To the distant, raised eye of the *London Times*, the untidy mix of prosecutors, press and Congress seemed almost to amount to "a lynching" of the President. A *Times* editorial scored Ervin's committee for publicizing hearsay, the Watergate grand jury for considering prejudicial evidence, and the newspapers (especially the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*) for publishing leaks. It complained that much out-



DR. SHEPPARD SHORTLY AFTER ARREST (1954)

Pretrial information plants a dangerous seed but judges can control its growth.

of-court evidence, like that being offered by John Dean, was "not given under oath, not open to cross-examination" and is thus of a quality that "could hardly be less satisfactory. Yet on this evidence could well be based public conclusions which could destroy the President." While conceding the importance of the earlier investigative work by Washington reporters, the *Times* wondered how Congress and the press now could "defend themselves from the very charge that they are bringing against the President, the charge of interfering with the course of justice."

The editorial raised some troubling questions. There can hardly be any argument that the committee's inquiry, leaks to the press and the granting of immunity to some witnesses will complicate any later prosecution. But the editorial was written essentially from a British legal point of view and reflects the strict rules limiting British press coverage of court proceedings. U.S. courts have generally been able to limit grand jury leaks by imposing stiff restrictions on prosecutors, witnesses and other potential leakers. If, over Watergate, there has been too much disclosure, that is partly because the implicated men and their lawyers are struggling through a case of unprecedented nature, partly because prosecutors now may want to avoid any appearance of a cover-up. Moreover, the First Amendment has made the U.S. press as uncontrollable as it is robust. "The hearings may not make Cox's job any easier," says Georgetown University Law Center Dean Adrian Fisher, "but it is a situation he can live with."

What of the contention that no convictions will stand because no fair jury can be empaneled? The obvious precedent is the case of Dr. Sam Sheppard, who was convicted in 1954 of murder-



JACK RUBY SHOOTING DOWN OSWALD (1963)

ing his wife, only to be set free twelve years later by the U.S. Supreme Court because of the "carnival atmosphere" created by the press. Justice Tom Clark nonetheless put the legal blame on the judge's "failure to protect Sheppard sufficiently from prejudicial publicity." He had not sequestered the jurors nor "proscribed extrajudicial statements by any lawyer, party, witness or court official." The defendant was convicted in the press while his trial was still in progress, and the jury was apparently well aware of what was being printed.

Unfair Trial. A jury ignorant of Watergate would be as undesirable as it would be impossible to find. Indeed the traditional concept of a jury without prior knowledge of a major case is rather anachronistic in the era of mass communications. What is important is the maintenance of objectivity in the courtroom. Trials of famous defendants have, after all, been managed before. One constitutional law expert remembers, not without irony, that the perjury conviction of Alger Hiss survived despite claims that earlier congressional hearings had prejudiced the case. (Congressman Richard Nixon, of course, felt that the hearings were both necessary and nonprejudicial.) Since Sam Sheppard, defendants as celebrated as Jimmy Hoffa or Jack Ruby, whose murder of Lee Harvey Oswald was committed on television, have been convicted without any appeals court finding that the trial was unfair.

To be sure, "prejudicial pretrial information does plant a seed," says Columbia University Sociologist Alice Padawer-Singer, who with fellow Sociologist Allen Barton recently studied nearly 500 jurors. But such difficulty can be overcome by searching out an open-minded jury, rather than an ignorant one, and by appropriate instruc-

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THE LAW

tions from the judge. "A fair trial in a highly publicized case," Barton observes, "depends upon how well indoctrinated jurors are in their role of concentrating on the evidence and ignoring what they have heard outside." He recalls that in several Black Panther trials, jurors specifically said they considered only the evidence presented. "If the Panthers can get this kind of jury," Barton asks, "who's to say Watergate defendants couldn't?"

Watergate Issues, 2 Must a President Testify?

Looming above the Watergate crisis is the possibility of President Nixon being summoned before some investigatory body to answer questions about his actions. No sooner was the matter broached late last month than a White House spokesman angrily declared that such summons would be rejected as "constitutionally inappropriate." Perhaps, but Presidents Washington, Lincoln and Wilson all agreed to appear before Senate groups to answer questions, and Senator Sam Ervin has wondered why such answers could not be compelled—at least in the proper circumstances. "If we were engaged in a war," he said, "and some judge in, say, Guam subpoenaed the President in a grasshopper case or something, then I can see the high court overturning the subpoena." But in the case of a Senate hearing, he added, "I can't see how the President would be inconvenienced."

Ervin said he himself had no such present plans. But in a Supreme Court decision last June requiring reporters to testify before grand juries, Justice Byron White dropped a now much-referred-to quotation from Jeremy Bentham: "Were the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chancellor to be passing by in the same coach while a chimney sweeper and a barrow-woman were in dispute about a halfpenny-worth of apples, and the chimney sweeper or the barrow-woman were to think proper to call upon them for their evidence, could they refuse it? No, most certainly."

White went on in his footnote to say that the great Chief Justice John Marshall had once ruled "that in proper circumstances a subpoena could be issued to the President." Upon closer examination, Chief Justice Marshall's opinion is not quite so clear. While he did subpoena President Thomas Jefferson to produce a letter he had received, for use by Aaron Burr in his treason trial, Marshall's language was elaborately conciliatory and courteous. As for Jefferson, he asserted that the court had no right to compel information, but he did voluntarily supply an edited version of the letter.

Given that sort of precedent, there were few certainties last week when the issue reappeared in more acute form.

Ervin's committee was considering a subpoena of White House logs listing the disputed meetings between Nixon and Counsel John Dean. The White House first refused to turn over the logs—a move it once again called "constitutionally inappropriate"—then, after a change of heart, the Administration agreed to produce the documents.

Can the President, in fact, be forced to honor a subpoena? Constitutionalists are to be found on all sides of the issue. But a starting point is the relatively well-established principle that the President cannot be sued merely because he has the ultimate responsibility for some governmental action that is being challenged. This was designed to avoid unnecessarily disturbing him "in the performance of his duties," as one court decision put it. But this leads to a counter-argument. As Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz observes, "When the President's conduct is the key issue, the President has the least viable excuse for ignoring a subpoena. This is especially true if the conduct in question is unrelated to his Executive duties. With Watergate, Nixon's action might well be construed to be unrelated to performing the duties of the President. Rather, he was acting as a candidate."

Legal Limit. Presidents have traditionally argued that the decision-making process would be jeopardized if top Administration officials are subject to questioning. A distinction can be made, however, between advice and action. According to Nathan Lewin, a constitutional lawyer who teaches at the Georgetown University Law Center: "The presidential exemption clearly evaporates if what is needed is the President's eye-witness testimony or if what is challenged is an action that he personally initiated or commanded."

Nice as these distinctions may be, the crux of the matter is that if the President does not want to comply with a subpoena, there is precious little that can be done. Underlying the whole problem is the question of whether and how much the law applies to the President at all. In ordinary matters, of course, it does. He must pay his taxes and catch no more than the legal limit of trout (though Eisenhower used to break that one). "If the President shot the Chief Justice," says Harvard Legal Historian Raoul Berger, "he could be tried in ordinary criminal court."

Aside from some such obvious crime, though, any threat from the courts about the President's official conduct seems pale, pragmatically speaking, when compared to the basic sanction of public opinion. That could change. Just before Watergate split wide open, President Nixon was claiming a broad version of Executive privilege and saying, "Perhaps this is the time to have the highest court of this land make a definitive decision with regard to this matter." With the President thus implicitly willing to abide by the result, this may indeed be the time.

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From Euphoria to Suicide

Finally home after nearly eight years in a North Vietnamese prison camp, Air Force Captain Edward Alan Brudno beamed joyously as he stepped from a plane in Massachusetts and hugged his wife close. "Words like unbelievable, exciting and unreal perfectly describe the fantastic excitement of being reborn," he exulted. That was 16 weeks ago. A month later Brudno's mood had changed. "I knew the initial euphoria would pass, and it has," he confided to the wife of a fellow P.O.W. "I'm feeling pretty depressed these days." Brudno's despair deepened, and last week he ended his life with an overdose of sleeping pills. Before he died, he wrote, in French, "My life is no longer worth living."

Brudno's death tragically confirmed the warnings sounded by psychiatrists before release of the prisoners. They had predicted that many men might return emotionally scarred for life (TIME, Feb. 19). Los Angeles Psychoanalyst Helen Tausend had said that captivity may leave a P.O.W. "only the shell of a man," and Yale Psychiatrist Robert J. Lifton had suggested that the war's unpopularity would lead many prisoners to conclude that their suffering had been in vain. Something like this may have happened to Brudno. Like all suicides, Brudno's act must have had many causes, some predating the war. "There was no specific thing that caused his depression," says his brother Robert. But both he and his wife Deborah had changed in subtle ways, and he soon discovered that Deborah and her parents had been active against the war to which he had been so deeply committed.

Brudno's suicide came two days after Pentagon Health Chief Richard Wilbur announced that all former Viet Nam prisoners would be counseled for five years. The Government's goal: to prevent the violent deaths common among American servicemen who survived imprisonment in the Far East during World War II and the Korean War. According to Wilbur, these men "did badly" after their release. Of the deaths that occurred in the group from 1945 to 1954, 40% resulted from murder, suicide or accident. As for Viet Nam prisoners, all have suffered from a transient "stress reaction" (euphoria, fear or depression), and most are having difficulty "moving back into a family."

Learning of Brudno's death, one psychiatrist bluntly predicted that other suicides were likely. Hoping to head off that possibility, the Air Force set about learning everything it could about Brudno. The son of James Brudno, a Quincy, Mass., physician, Alan was an introverted boy with few friends. He earned a degree in aeronautical engineering at M.I.T. and dreamed of be-

coming an astronaut. A few months before he shipped out to Viet Nam, he married Deborah Gitenshtein of Harrison, N.Y. Eight days before he was due to return to the U.S., he was shot down. "They kept him alone in a tiny cell without even a cot," his father told TIME last week. "He had to sleep on a hard stone floor. In the mornings they'd serve him some gruel or pumpkin soup." Nevertheless, he mustered enough energy to study French and, according to Air Force Lieut. Colonel Kenneth North, imprisoned in a cell adjoining Brudno's, he seemed "in solid shape."

After his release, Brudno avoided the public events that many psychia-



BRUDNO'S U.S. HOMECOMING
Life is no longer worth living.

trists feel are slowing the recovery of P.O.W.s: the hoopla deprives them of the quiet they need to sort things out emotionally. But nothing in Brudno's private world was quite right any more. He was painfully aware of the time he had lost. Captivity, he wrote in a letter three months ago, "was an emptiness that could never be described." As a result, he continued, "I find myself just out of a time machine. What sadness I feel in having missed so much."

He was sad, too, about the emotional troubles that his wife had developed in his absence. In prison, he had become a different person. Captivity, those close to him believe, stripped away his emotional resources until the man who came home had little strength left to face a complex world. "He lost all flexibility," Robert Brudno said. "To him, disappointment and misfortune were disaster. All the normal problems of repatriation were crises." Though Robert considers it "simplistic" to ascribe his brother's death to the antiwar movement, he does observe that "it hurt

Alan that so many Americans were against the war." Atlanta Psychiatrist Alfred Messer suggests that Brudno may also have felt isolated. "Maybe the reason he wrote his suicide note in French was to emphasize, however subtle, that people just don't understand the pain of the P.O.W."

Hoping to ease the pain, Brudno turned to a psychiatrist for help. It was not enough to prevent his death. Eight days before he killed himself, he went to Gloucester, Mass., and sat for a portrait he planned to give his wife, instructing Artist Armand Sindoni to paint him "without a smile." As he accepted payment of \$100, Sindoni said that he hoped his subject would visit Gloucester again. To this Brudno replied prophetically, "I won't be back."

Tending the Grapevine

Employers who hope to conceal such impending changes as layoffs, work cutbacks and personnel shifts might just as well give up: the word will get to their employees on the company grapevine. So concludes Keith Davis, a professor of management at Arizona State University, who has been studying office and factory rumors for 20 years. "With the rapidity of a burning powder train," Davis asserts, "information flows out of the woodwork, past the manager's door and the janitor's mop closet, through steel walls or construction-glass partitions." Moreover, "well over three-fourths" of company rumors are accurate.

According to Davis, people underestimate the reliability of the grapevine because its misses are more dramatic than its hits. That was the case, Davis says, when a factory grapevine reported that a worker had lost his hand in a machine-shop accident; in fact he had suffered only minor cuts on two fingers. But even inaccurate scuttlebutt may convey a psychological truth, because many rumors are "symbolic expressions of feelings." "If rumor says that Joe is quitting, this may mean that his associates wish he would quit," or it may reflect a general—but sometimes unconscious—awareness that Joe desperately wishes he could quit.

Whether it spreads truth or falsehood, whether it transmits "smoke signals, jungle tom-toms, taps on the prison wall or ordinary conversation," a grapevine is bound to develop wherever people congregate. But employers can keep false rumormongering at a minimum by telling the truth and telling it early. Increasingly, Davis reports, wise managers are trying "to feed, water and cultivate the grapevine" themselves. They may as well, Davis concludes, because the grapevine "cannot be abolished, rubbed out, hidden under a basket, chopped down, tied up or stopped. It is as hard to kill as the mythical glass snake which, when struck, broke into fragments and grew a new snake out of each piece."

EDUCATION

Graduation 1973: A New Breed

Four years ago, in the affluent suburbs west of Boston, the freshmen at Lincoln-Sudbury High School had passionate causes. They marched against the Viet Nam War and rallied on Lincoln green to denounce President Nixon. Now, as seniors, they are chiefly concerned with getting their homework out of the way and whiling away the days until graduation. On sunny afternoons, they lounge on the school's smoking patio, and when they talk about their hopes for the future, they use words like "comfortable" and "secure." For entertainment, they drive their shiny new cars to Michael's in nearby Concord for pizza and beer. Their worries, says History Teacher Don Gould, are as old as adolescence: "Whether people like them, what they look like, and who's going out with whom."

The class of '73 at Lincoln-Sudbury is typical. From city ghettos to prosperous suburbs and small towns, a new mood has settled on this year's graduating class of 3.1 million high school seniors. Unlike their older brothers of the 1960s, few of them think that their generation will right America's wrongs. Instead, they have turned inward, worrying primarily about what kind of people they will become. They are more conventional than their predecessors, according to a series of interviews conducted by TIME correspondents across the country. They are also, at the same time, more materialistic and more religious. Some glimpses of this year's graduating class:

► "My goal is to be happy," says Mike Tulumello, 18, who edited the student newspaper at McClintock High School in Tempe, Ariz. He worked part

time as a waiter in a local restaurant and graduated with B plus grades. "To be happy you need to be a success. I want to reach the top, to have a job that pays well, to own a car and to live in a nice apartment." Next fall he plans to enroll in Arizona State to prepare for a career in broadcasting.

► "If a person can better himself, he can better society," declares Al Harris, 18, a black member of the graduating class at Evanston (Ill.) Township High School. For him, that means studying electronics at a vocational school. He explains: "A few years ago, the majority of people really didn't

DELAN HARRIS



AL HARRIS IN WORKSHOP
He knows what he wants.

know what they wanted when they got out of school. So they'd go to college and major in anything—say, physical education—just to get a degree. That's not for me."

► "I'll tell you what we talk about when we get together," says Andrea Heizberg, 16, a senior at Midwood High School in a middle-class section of Brooklyn. "We talk about college, because that is where we are going. We talk about money, because you can't do anything unless you have it, and we talk about the opposite sex—always. Sometimes we talk about books."

This class has few new fads, but it has rediscovered some old ones. Although they still like rock, some have begun to dance to slow music, cheek to cheek with their partners. Both girls and boys are cutting their hair a little shorter. Pep rallies are back in favor in Phoenix, proms in Evanston, Hula-Hoops and yo-yos in Olympia. Nearly all of the graduates look forward to attending



MARY FEENEY AS WAITRESS

commencement exercises, and most will wear the traditional cap and gown. "The word relevance is a social worker's word now, not a kid's word," says Jody Harburger, a youth worker in St. Louis.

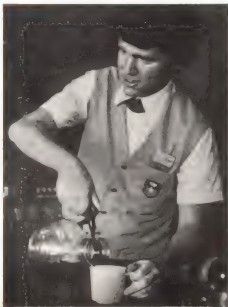
What few causes they still have, they do not pursue very zealously. "You yell about anything around here and you'll find yourself yelling alone," says Senior Steve Dixon at Julia Richman High School on Manhattan's East Side. At his school, the biggest organized movement this year was a successful campaign to get the fire-damaged auditorium repaired in time for graduation ceremonies. Elsewhere, the seniors are still interested in ecology, though not so fervently as a few years ago. They still organize hikes to raise money for charities, getting sponsors to pay a dollar for each mile they walk. For variation, teen-agers in Atlanta hold waistline parties, where each boy and girl has to pay by the inch to organizations like the school booster club. Says Science Teacher Harold Dorf at Midwood High in Brooklyn: "They are looking for personal satisfaction rather than public causes."

George Mihaly, president of Gilbert Youth Research Co., surveys thousands of students in cities across the country, and his opinion studies of 684 seniors have found "a more stable, conservative attitude" in this year's graduating class. Some highlights:

RELATIONS WITH PARENTS. The much-ballyhooed "generation gap" seems to have narrowed. The seniors surveyed this spring said they may disagree with their parents on marijuana and premarital sex, but nearly 85% reported that they generally agree with their parents' ideas and share their values. Four years ago, the figure was 61%.

LIFE-STYLES. Asked about how they planned to be living in fifteen years, the largest group (44.2%) expected to be "an average family man (housewife) living a fairly pressure-free life with time for family and outside interests." They foresaw themselves having two or three children and living in a suburb or

MIKE TULUMELLO AS WAITER



THE ARNETS

small town. Only 11% hoped to be "free of social responsibility and obligations, living where and with whom they pleased and not worrying about money or work."

CAREERS. Comparatively few seniors (9.8%) want to devote their lives to trying to solve social problems, a matter that attracted more than 30% in 1969. Most (80%) equate money with success, consider it important and have specific ideas about how they want to earn it—a striking change from past years when Gilbert found that 42% of seniors had only vague career plans. This year the most popular prospective careers were advertising executive

(12.5%), magazine editor (10%) and college teacher, broadcast executive and carpenter (all 9%).

Not far from Lincoln-Sudbury, Mary Feeney, 17, wipes off the counter at Mike's Place and serves a customer another cheeseburger. "I guess you could say we don't make a big splash," she says of her graduating class at Newton High School. "One of my main interests is karate; it's a great way to develop discipline, grace and coordination. Maybe in a year I'll go to college, but right now I'm happy to be the person I am. As long as I can have a comfortable life and be satisfied with myself, I'll think I've done all right."

Kudos: Round 3

BROOKLYN COLLEGE

James ("Eubie") Blake, L.H.D., ragtime composer.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Sarah Caldwell, D.F.A., director of the Boston Opera Company. *You have said, "If you can sell green toothpaste in this country, you can sell opera."*

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, CHICAGO

Rosa Parks, L.H.D., the seamstress whose refusal to give up her seat triggered the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955, and who now works for a Michigan Congressman. *Truly, when you sat*

An Ameliorant Looks at Bushandas

How do today's high school seniors compare with those of a decade ago? One way to find out is to return to your own school, as TIME Reporter Johnnie Scott did. His account:

Jordan High School in Los Angeles is virtually a ghetto within a ghetto. Located on 103rd Street, it is bounded on one side by the Jordan Downs housing projects—two-story, ash gray buildings that contain 2,200 families, most of them on welfare. To the east is Alameda Street, the border of Watts, and there are railroad tracks on Alameda, so that when you cross them you know you are entering a different world. In back of Jordan and extending around it in an L-shape is the steel factory. It has been there for 20 years, the smoke billowing out day and night. I grew up in those same Jordan Downs projects, and I played next to that factory many a time. In the end, I attended Jordan High.

The senior "plot" is a walkway that contains a plaque from each graduating class. In the 1950s, the students called themselves the Athenians, Socratics, Olympians. In the 1960s there came Les Savants and Les Cherchers (I was one of Les Ameliorants). Then, starting in 1971, there is Upenda Weus, Swahili for "beautiful black ones." And now the Bushandas, the class of '73, their Swahili name meaning "the everlasting ones." My class song was based on *The Days of Wine and Roses*. The Bushandas' song, *We're a Winner*, is by Curtis Mayfield of *Superfly*.

The Bushandas are not particularly militant or radical. Young blacks are in many ways just as square and conservative as their white counterparts, if not more so. The point is that *We're a Winner* stresses black pride, and as Watts has grown worse over the years, these students do need a sense of pride. In my day, it was a rare bird who sported an Afro; now Afros are conservative, and the new style is crocheted caps with tassels, some in the liberation colors of red, green and black.

When we Ameliorants graduated from Jordan, our class had average grades of only 1.6 on a 4.0 scale. That situation has improved some, to 2.25, but last month Jordan still ranked lowest of all Los Angeles schools in achievement tests. Some officials say these tests are unfair, but others see a difference in the students. "These kids come to school believing that academic education is not going to solve many of their problems," says one. "They are more quiet now be-

ed and got a black basketball coach.

But the end of the 1960s marked a decline in that kind of activism. The Panthers' offices in Watts were shut down and boarded up. Gradually 103rd Street was leveled, the result of urban renewal working in small bits at a time. Business pulled out of the community. Unemployment, which stood at 35% before the Watts riots, now hovers at 45%. The black student union died away (although the coach remained). Instead, the street gangs have become strong, and the five-year-old science building is now covered with graffiti. Says one:



STUDENTS TAKING THE AIR OUTSIDE JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL IN LOS ANGELES' WATTS SECTION

cause they're searching deeper for answers."

When I was a kid, we identified with the Muslims, then later with the Black Panthers. I remember how we refused to salute the flag and how we bailed at saying "with liberty and justice for all." The year after I graduated, the Watts riot broke out. At Jordan there was little demonstrating, but the students organized to make things better. There was a student committee that painted old houses, cleaned up streets and repaired broken fences. A black student union was formed, and it demand-

"Watts is my station/ Love is my vocation/ Heaven is my destination/ To hell with education."

Just the same, these kids are smarter than we were, on the whole, and more serious. While some seek answers in street gangs, others concentrate on vocational classes, and they all talk a lot about making it—meaning making money. After all, growing up in one of the poorest sectors of Los Angeles implants a desire to have, not necessarily to reform things. As it stands, they are walled in, and they are trying in their own ways to get out.

EDUCATION

down in a Montgomery, Ala., bus, all men and women were freed to stand more humanly erect
Harrison E. Salisbury, Litt.D., New York Times editor and correspondent.

DREXEL UNIVERSITY

Spiro Agnew, Litt.D., Vice President
He is recognized as the man who personifies the American spirit. The son of a Greek immigrant, he seized every opportunity this nation has to offer.
Dr. Frances Kelsey, D.Sc., pharmacologist. Because of her courage in keeping the drug Thalidomide off the market, countless children were born healthy rather than grossly deformed.

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE

Simon Wiesenthal, L.H.D., pursuer of Nazi war criminals

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Kenneth B. Clark, D.Sc., psychologist
Walter Cronkite, L.L.D., television correspondent

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

Burton K. Wheeler, L.L.D., a leading isolationist in the U.S. Senate in the 1930s.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Edward Brooke, L.L.D., U.S. Senator
Beverly Sills, D.M., opera singer

PACE COLLEGE

Betty Furness, D.C.L., New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs. In this time of economic and social uncertainty, you can be sure if it's Betty Furness.

SEATTLE UNIVERSITY

Dixy Lee Ray, L.L.D., chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

John Kenneth Galbraith, L.H.D., economist. [A] towering iconoclast of wit and intellect.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Paul Brooks, L.H.D., director of the Sierra Club. [He] helped educate millions who would otherwise define birds as pigeons, flowers as dandelions, and wild-life as rats.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Gregor Piatigorsky, L.L.D., cellist.

WHITTIER COLLEGE

W. Clement Stone, DD.L., self-made insurance magnate and major G.O.P. contributor. Starting with \$100 and a dream, [he] has spent a lifetime creating material and spiritual wealth.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

Warren E. Burger, L.L.D., Chief Justice of the U.S. His incisive opinions have reflected an abiding dedication to the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

WINDHAM COLLEGE

Frances Fitzgerald, Litt.D., author of *Fire in the Lake*

YALE UNIVERSITY

Stewart Alsop, L.H.D., columnist
Andre Watts, D.M., pianist.

THE THEATER

Unrequited Lives

UNCLE VANYA

by ANTON CHEKHOV

Chekhov's drama moves almost in reverse. Instead of a conflict of wills, there is a frustration of desires. None of his characters do much of anything or expect to get anywhere, but all of them are aware of a nagging, infuriating immobility. Climaxes are anticlimaxes. Precisely because life has passed Chekhov's people by, aged them, defeated them, they bear eloquent witness to how avidly men and women hunger for life. The laughter and tears in Chekhov arise from the recognized or un-

The local doctor Astrov (George C. Scott) yearns for a Russia that would not brutalize its peasants and ravish its land, but disillusion has sunk him in drink. He too falls half in love with Elena, and she with him, but she is too indolent and conventional to make an erotic leap to freedom. Poor Sonya loves Astrov—a futile, heartbreaking hope that exists only to be dashed. When Vanya learns that Serebryakov proposes to sell the estate, he goes staggeringly blind with rage and fires two revolver shots at the professor, missing both times—the ultimate, humiliating proof of his ineffectuality. The visitors depart. Sonya tries to comfort herself and Vanya with a vague hope of heaven where "we shall rest."

—LEE GROSS

This classic plot does not sound funny and much of it is not, but a good deal of it is. Chekhov's compassion for his characters' bruised hearts never blurred the amused clinical eye he focuses on their petty, self-deluding foibles. Chekhov frowned on directors who made his plays too glum and autumnal, and Nichols, with his agile comic flair, has certainly avoided doing that. He gets marvelous assistance from Nicol Williamson, whose Vanya is compacted with a mischievous, sardonic, self-mocking wit that not only defines his own character, but also makes a comment on the situation of everyone in the play.

If Nicol Williamson's Vanya is hyperkinetic, Scott's Astrov is grannically controlled, pervasively masculine. These two brilliant actors are an ensemble within an ensemble, and the scenes they play together have the charged intensity of *mano a mano* contests between bullfighters. Never, though, is the rest of the cast overshadowed. Julie Christie combines art with her own dazzling beauty to convey the enchantered mermaid in Elena. While Elizabeth Wilson is too old for Sonya, she brings resonant poignance to the role, and Lillian Gish is everybody's dearest granny as an old nurse. As for Serebryakov, he is the fussy, self-centered curmudgeon of the play, and Bernard Hughes plays him just that way. The entire cast deserves every "bravo" and blistered palm of applause that it gets. Since the eight-week engagement is sold out, some enterprising film maker ought to get this *Uncle Vanya* on celluloid so that thousands more may enjoy it. ■ T.E. Kalem



WILLIAMSON & CHRISTIE IN "UNCLE VANYA"
Climaxes are anticlimaxes.

recognized disparity between the life one wants and the life one gets.

All of these elements are present in *Uncle Vanya*, and they are vividly realized in a superbly exhilarating revival directed by Mike Nichols. An arid, aging retired professor, Serebryakov (Bernard Hughes) returns to the family estate with his young wife Elena (Julie Christie). The visit is a catalytic agent that exposes the alternately tragic and comic tensions of unrequited loves and lives. The caustically self-pitying Uncle Vanya (Nicol Williamson), who has worked the estate along with his niece Sonya (Elizabeth Wilson), realizes that he has sacrificed his life in the service of a pompous academic fraud. The mute adoration he offers Elena bores and annoys her.

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Deferred Analysis

"Instant analysis" was thrust into the political-journalistic lexicon in 1969, when Spiro Agnew denounced the "querulous criticism" of "self-appointed [network] analysts" who dissected presidential TV addresses immediately after delivery. Only slightly daunted, the three major networks continued the practice. But in a surprise move last week, Chairman William S. Paley announced that CBS, the network that had most antagonized the White House, will abandon instant analysis.

In its place, Paley said, CBS will schedule special programs to carry views opposed to the President's, usually within a week of a presidential TV or radio speech, "on matters of major policy concerning which there is significant national disagreement."

CBS's explanation was that it had tried for years to balance the President's access to prime time with equal opportunity for opposition spokesmen—a need that instant analysis hardly meets. A 1970 plan to give time to the Democrats for rebuttals to Nixon speeches was challenged by Republicans and ruled unfair by the Federal Communications Commission. CBS waged a successful court fight against the FCC ruling, but by then the "equal time" provisions in force for the 1972 presidential campaign made the plan impractical until after the election.

Another factor in the decision may have been pressure from some CBS local affiliates, which have resented the critical tone of instant analysis. CBS recently canceled the antiwar play *Sticks and Bones* in response to similar sentiment (TIME, March 19). The latest move prompted some grumbling among CBS correspondents. Although they can still discuss the content of the Presi-

dent's speeches, they will have to do so on the network's regular news programs. But Eric Sevareid, the network's dean of instant analysis, welcomed the change, saying that he had "always been a little uncomfortable" with off-the-cuff punditry. For viewers who like being told what they have just been told, NBC and ABC will continue to comment immediately on presidential speeches whenever they think it necessary.

Peking Tact

While touring the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, a group of senior Chinese journalists and information officials paused to take pictures of each other. Looming in their view finders were the modernistic and now familiar contours of the Watergate complex. That was about as close as the Chinese showed any desire to get to Watergate—the real estate or the scandal—in their extraordinary travels across the U.S. But the subject kept following them.

Henry Kissinger touched on Watergate, telling them: "You are here at a time when home policy is more in the news than foreign policy. When you get home, tell your friends that everything they know of our purposes remains intact, that this [Sino-American détente] is a matter of the United States, not this or that transitory event."

American reporters covering the Chinese repeatedly asked their reactions to Watergate and press coverage of the investigation. The responses were most tactful. Replied Wang Chen, 54, deputy director of the Chinese Foreign Ministry's information department: "Even American journalists are not in a position to say how this will come out." Questioned as to whether U.S. reporters' relentless pursuit of the Water-

gate scandal might jibe with Mao Tse-tung's injunction that the press should "serve the people," she replied, "I would rather not comment on that."

The Chinese, in fact, seem studiously uninterested in controversy; their role is at least partly diplomatic. The 22 news officials are returning last fall's visit to China of 22 members of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. When the tour concludes June 17, the Chinese will have covered 8,000 miles in four weeks and spanned the U.S. from Manhattan to Honolulu.

Headed by Chu Mu-chi, 56, director of the New China News Agency, the delegation has shown an omnivorous appetite for economics, sociology and Americana in general. Mayor John Lindsay treated them to a tour of Harlem streets, where they took time out to chat with sidewalk winos. Chicago Mayor Richard Daley bestowed honorary citizenship on the visitors. In Washington they donned hard hats to interview construction workers. Any mention of statistics brought out pens and notebooks. Informed during an inspection of an Illinois ranch that only 4% of the 220 million U.S. citizens work on farms, Chao Chi-hua, a deputy director in Peking's Foreign Ministry, marveled: "In China, it still takes four people to feed five." Humorously urged by Massachusetts Governor Francis W. Sargent "to spread the word around that the Bay State has the finest lobster and the best Governor," Chu Mu-chi responded diplomatically: "We will never forget the lobster, but unhappily we cannot campaign for a Governor."

When the Chinese get home, their reportage is likely to be friendly. Chu Mu-chi's seven brief dispatches through the New China News Agency have already signaled a new mellowing. "The American people are a great people," he wrote in one story, promising that the Chinese journalists "will make their own contribution" to growing Sino-American friendship.

TOURING CHINESE JOURNALISTS VISIT CHICAGO'S MAYOR DALEY



Rivals in the Muck

The London sex scandal that has ousted two members of the Heath regime detoured into Fleet Street last week. It developed that two giant Sunday papers had been involved in questionable Peeping Tom activities while competing for salacious muck. The *News of the World* (circ. 6,000,000) revealed that one of its photographers had taken sneak pictures of Lord Lambton romping in bed with Prostitute Norma Levy and another doxy. *NOW's* rival, the *Sunday People* (circ. 4,600,000) admitted paying for film and tapes of Norma's upper-crust bedroom festivities. Neither paper published the pictures—the only good thing many critics could find to say about their behavior.

Both papers dealt with Norma's husband and pimp, Colin Levy, who is also wanted for questioning about narcotics offenses. In early May he learned

that police evidence implicated him in vice activities. Desperate for getaway money, Levy offered to sell *NOW* movies and tapes starring Lambton and the girls. The paper was not equipped to process movie film, and it said that taped evidence was not sufficient. So it gave Levy an infra-red still camera and a tape recorder and told him to come up with new documentation to support his story. Contrary to the paper's statement, considerable evidence suggests that a *NOW* photographer, rather than taking clandestine shots himself, taught Levy how to use the equipment.

Busy Life. In any event, new and conclusive pictures were obtained. After some discussion, *NOW* editors decided not to print a story exposing Lambton by name. Instead, they gave the photos and tapes to Levy, sent him packing without a penny and informed Scotland Yard of what was going on (the police already knew). The paper then published an article saying that authorities were investigating an unnamed politician entangled in a vice ring. Levy, meanwhile, took his enlarged stock of material to *People* and demanded £45,000 (\$112,500). He quickly settled for \$1,875 down, with a promise of \$13,125 later. The cash was enough to take Levy and Norma to Morocco. When *People* staffers got around to listening to Levy's tapes, they heard the voice of a *NOW* reporter identifying the material—a helpful fact in case the tapes ever become evidence in court.

People had been skunked by *NOW* and by events; Lambton resigned before *People* could get much return for its investment. So it published Norma's unsubstantiated story, telephoned from Morocco, that a third minister was involved in her busy life. For their efforts, *People*, and to a certain extent *NOW*, earned widespread opprobrium. Normally, the British press stands united against outside attacks. Not this time.

The buying of stories from tainted sources—"checkbook journalism"—is frowned on by the British Press Council, an influential body that monitors journalistic ethics. Said the *Times* of London: "Bought evidence is bound to be suspect evidence." The notion that Operation Peep was in the interest of national security holds little water; Lambton's career was doomed before the press intervened. Journalist and M.P. Winston Churchill, Sir Winston's grandson, argued: "Saying that hiding photographers in brothel keepers' cupboards is in the best traditions of journalism is really grotesque." In this case, it is also harmful to the British press's hope that laws limiting the disclosure of government information and certain legal proceedings will be relaxed. Said Conservative M.P. William Deedes: "The predictable reaction of many will be to declare that the press is not to be trusted with the freedom it already enjoys." The Press Council, meanwhile, began an investigation, and Lord Lambton has been to see his solicitor.

One, Two, Three!

Not since Citation turned the trick in 1948 had a thoroughbred been so heavily favored to win racing's Triple Crown. The wonder horse called Secretariat had won impressive victories in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Still, going into the \$150,200 Belmont Stakes, the last and longest (1½ miles) of the three classics, the strapping chestnut colt was bucking the very formidable odds of history.

In the quarter-century since Citation's victory, six other three-year-olds had entered the grueling Belmont with a chance of copping the crown. All, however, faltered in the race for what became known as the "Cripple Crown." Tim Tam (1958) broke his right foreleg on the final turn, but still courageously managed to finish second. Carry Back (1961), Northern Dancer (1964) and Kauai King (1966) did not have the endurance to go the longer distance. Majestic Prince (1969) and Canonero II (1971) were both ailing and should never have been entered in the race. Thus, as Trainer Lucien Laurin saddled up Secretariat for last week's 105th running of the Belmont, his nervous statement that the horse was "very good, very quiet, very wonderful" seemed a kind of incantation to ward off the "Belmont jinx." Something worked. Secretariat not only defied history—he wrote it, in one of the most astonishing triumphs in horse-racing annals.

Two-Horse Race. Unlike Citation, who won the Belmont in a breeze over a middling field, Secretariat figured to face stiff competition from Sham, the gutsy bay colt who had finished second in the first two legs of the Triple Crown. "It's still a two-horse race," said Laurin. "Our horse and Sham." So many horsemen agreed that only three other three-year-olds were entered in the race, making it the smallest Belmont field in 30 years. Johnny Campo, trainer of Twice a Prince, talked bravely of a major upset, making the familiar point that Bold Ruler, Secretariat's sire, was not known for producing horses of lasting stamina.

Campo and the 69,138 fans who packed Belmont Park last week saw Secretariat put that old question to rest once and forever. As expected, Secretariat and Sham staged an early head-to-head duel. Then, with his long, beautifully rhythmic strides, Secretariat began to pull away. First it was by one length, then five, then ten. Coming into the stretch, Jockey Ron Turcotte did not bother to go to the whip as Secretariat poured it on. When he crossed the finish line, he had won by an incredible 31 lengths, the largest winning margin in the history of the Belmont. As he was decked with a blanket of carnations, Secretariat seemed



SECRETARIAT WINNING THE BELMONT
An astonishing triumph.

to nod in acknowledgment; after his mile-and-a-half run, he was not even lathered. More remarkable, his time of 2 min. 24 sec. flat clipped a full 2½ sec. off the Belmont record.

"Wow! Whee! Hallelujah!" exclaimed Mrs. Helen (Penny) Tweedy, Secretariat's owner. After running her prize thoroughbred in perhaps two more races, she will retire Secretariat to stud no later than Nov. 15. Then the new Triple Crown winner will try to live up to the seemingly impossible slogan on the buttons worn by Mrs. Tweedy's entourage: BREED MORE SECRETARIATS.

OWNER PENNY TWEEDY REJOICING



Cruising: The Good Life Afloat

They can be found in almost any yacht harbor—the boats that always look as if they are ready to leave. Out among the perky day-sailors, the fuel-hungry motor yachts, the tall and graceful “gold-platers” of the racing fleet, they hob impatiently at their moorings. They want to be gone.

However they vary in size and construction, they all have important qualities in common. Their rigs and hull designs have made small concessions to the years; they are built for simplicity

Just a few years ago, the men who owned boats like these were usually looked upon as oddballs, dropouts or dreamers ready to up-anchor and take off for the islands—or at least talking about it. They were incurable eccentrics, antiquarians putting in their time refurbishing relics of another age.

Suddenly those old-fashioned boats and their gear seem strangely up-to-date. The cruising sailors seem less eccentric. The boats they have preserved have become objects of envy; now, even the weekend yachtsmen want something like them, and every month the boating magazines fatten with advertisements of new cruising sailboats coming off drawing boards and production lines. On the water, at least, yesterday's tastes have become today's styles.

In an era when too many boatbuilders turn out fresh styles, fresh models, with the alacrity of car manufacturers, the new trend is to try to recapture a piece of the past. More and more builders have come on the market with big, beamy cruising boats. Their advertising copy suggests that what every cruising man wants—and needs—is all the comforts of a small apartment crammed into a fiber-glass hull. But for all the contemporary gadgetry—the refrigerators, the hot-and-cold running water systems, the all-weather carpeting—the lines of the new boats are really close copies of the sturdy old designs in the color pictures opposite.

The husky cutter *Quimera*, shown sailing home from Catalina, is at once the newest and the oldest of this cruising fleet. Her hull is a classic; its lineage traces back to a 19th century naval architect named Colin Archer, who was commissioned to design a boat for harbor pilots going out to meet incoming sailing ships. Archer developed a double-ended hull capable of standing offshore for weeks at a time, then making for home shorthanded in steep northern seas.

Over the years, the basic hull has been refined into a modern cruiser by a succession of naval architects. “Colin Archers,” as the boats are still called, have circled the globe. *Suhail*, *Eric*, *Thistle*—their names are familiar in far ports. The latest incarnation, the Westsail 32, is a roomy, teak and fiber-glass version built in Costa Mesa, Calif., by a young refugee from electrical engineering named Snider Vick. With his small production line and a fierce de-

votion to quality, Vick is determined to give fits to competitors whom he calls “the plastic pop-out people”—the mass producers of lightly built fiber-glass boats, few of which are suitable for long-term living aboard, to say nothing of ocean cruising. As testament to Vick's success, a small armada of Westsail cruisers is already fitting out for round-the-world voyaging.

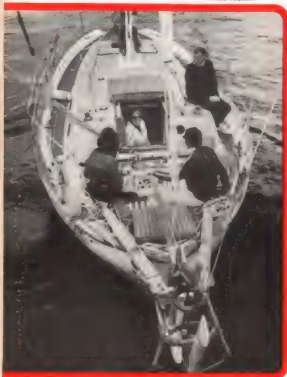
Freedom from Frills. Like Thomas E. Colvin, the naval architect who designed and built the lovely junk-rigged schooner *Gazelle*, the men who drew the lines of all these boats are men whose restless imaginations were shaped by the same traditions that molded Colin Archer—the traditions and demands of the sea. Simplicity, sturdiness and an utter freedom from frills are the hallmark of their work.

Teakbird, Bolero and Walloon. seen here scudding across Puget Sound, are all from the board of Veteran Designer William Garden. A boat by Bill Garden, says one of his admirers, “always seems to fit into the tradition of the Grand Banks fishing schooner and the opium clipper.” Odd combination? Not for the offshore sailors to whom Garden has given long-keeled boats that are easy on the helm. Not on ocean passages, when a snug Garden rig teaches the enjoyment of what the designer calls “chasing off before the wind under boisterous conditions.”

“The person we are building for,” says Tom Colvin, “is a member of a minority group: he is that one out of a thousand sailors who cannot find what he wants in the catalogues of the big builders.” He is a man who shuns complex modern gear that he cannot service himself. He can work with rope or wire or canvas, and the sailmaker's “palm” sits comfortably in his hand. His compass and sextant are instruments to be treated with care and reverence. He can read the tides and the weather, and he knows the movements of the navigator's stars. His library is charts and pilot manuals. His bible is the *American Practical Navigator* by Nathaniel Bowditch, a one-volume encyclopedia of seagoing wisdom that was first published in 1802 and remains a remarkably complete collection of everything a seaman needs to know.

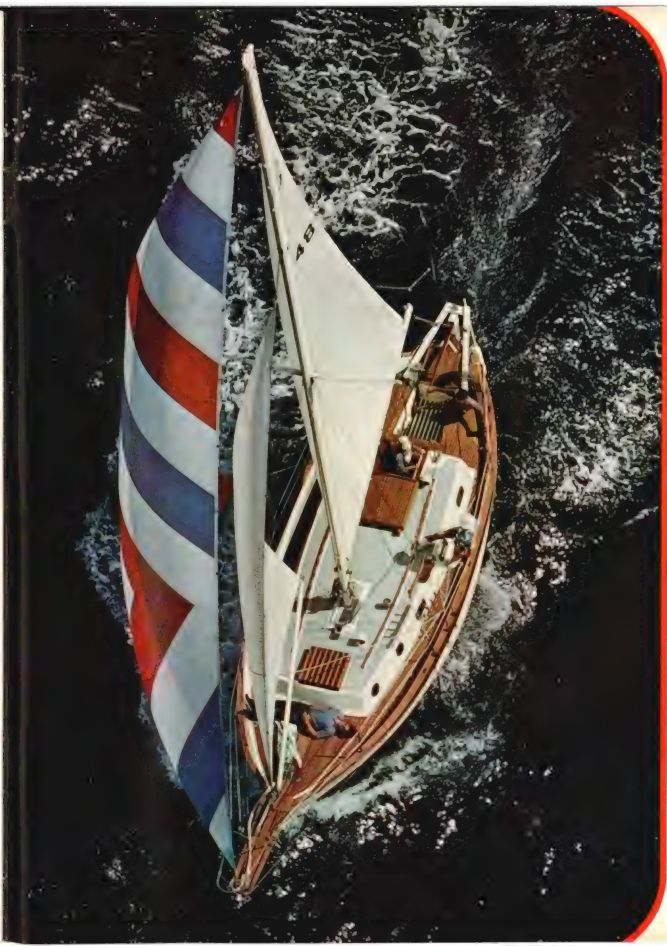
Minority group the cruisers may be, but their numbers are growing steadily. As summer ends, their boats will be following the season—running down

With her teak decks, hefty fiber-glass hull, and sea-kindly lines, this Westsail cruiser is a happy combination of blue-water traditions and modern building techniques. She can take her crew anywhere in the world.



A Westsail 32 drifts through light airs.

and safety, for ease of maintenance and sea-kindliness, and the comfort of their crews. Near by, their neighbors wait for an afternoon sail to a convenient cove, a chase around the buoys or an ocean thrash that will strain the speed and strength of modern racing machines. But these are purely cruising boats. Their skippers are cruising men, more concerned with the unchanging requirements of the sea than with the changing compromises of racing-handicap rules. They are satisfied with what are essentially old-fashioned ships, old-fashioned gear. Beached though he may be by responsibilities ashore, the cruising sailor can still feel a certain smugness about his boat. She can take him across an ocean whenever he is ready to go.





Designed and built by Thomas Colvin, the powerful, junk-rigged 42-ft. steel schooner "Gazelle" reaches down Virginia's Mobjack Bay. Fast, sturdy and laid out for privacy (as in the berth above), it can be sailed and maintained singlehanded.





The 40-ft. double-ender "Bolero" (right), designed by William Garden, handles the waters of the Northwest with ease and comfort. Now owned by Seattle's David Howe, "Bolero" has cruised as far north as Alaska, may soon make the run to Maui.





The 37-ft. clipper-bowed ketch "Walloon" is a classic, sea-kindly Garden creation for Neurosurgeon John Titus, who "would take her anywhere."



Built of teak in Hong Kong, for retired Engineer Sam Stern, the roomy 50-ft. ketch "Teakbird" now cruises the waters of Puget Sound and the Strait of Georgia. "Safety, comfort and appearance" are what Stern demanded and received.

MODERN LIVING

the trade winds from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean, perhaps, or heading out to the warm atolls of the South Pacific. At home, the new cruisers are getting ready to join them. Lighting Designer Len Thornback, 46, and his schoolteacher wife Jane, 48, have already moved aboard their Westsail at Newport Beach, Calif. "In a year or so," says Thornback, "we'll simply leave. First the Mediterranean and the Baltic. After that, we don't care where."

In harbors on both coasts, young families are getting ready to leave. Even school-age children are no deterrent. More and more of them are taking the same correspondence courses that cater to the children of diplomats and military personnel in remote foreign posts. At quiet Bahama anchorages of an evening, the youngsters rowing a dinghy across to a neighboring boat is likely to be looking for a friend working on the same study assignment.

Tom Colvin himself is one of that cruising minority. *Gazelle* was not built for a client: she was built for the Colvin family, and she has taken them more than 10,000 miles in every weather. Her Chinese rig is the product of years of research and practical trial. For an experienced sailor like Colvin, who first went to sea at 14 on a three-masted schooner, the steel hull with its full-battened sails represents just about the ultimate in versatility, strength and simplicity.

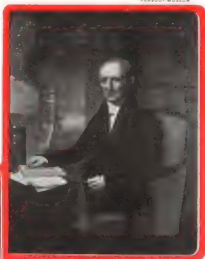
Like all proper cruising vessels, *Gazelle* gives her crew the basic nec-

cessities of privacy and comfort. To enjoy his kind of life, says Colvin, a cruising man needs remarkably little money beyond the cost of his boat. Long passages at sea have taught the Colvins that they can live afloat with their three children—Karen, 16, Kevin, 11, and Kenneth, 9—on an income of \$3,600 a year. A careful yearly budget kept by Jean Colvin shows these expenses:

FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR A FAMILY OF 5	\$1,800
MAINTENANCE ON VESSEL, INCLUDING FUEL	300
RESERVE FUND (REPLACEMENT PARTS, SAILS, MEDICAL EXPENSES)	300
TOTAL	\$2,400
LUXURIES SUCH AS PHOTOS, POSTAGE, EATING OUT, TOURING, SOUVENIRS	600
TOTAL	\$3,000
ADDED INCOME TO BE USED AS DESIRED	600
TOTAL	\$3,600

"That's poverty level ashore," says Colvin. But he hastens to add that it can offer a more than comfortable living afloat. Provided, of course, that the cruising man is more than a competent sailor. He has to be something of a

HERB RYAN



"boatbuilder, mechanic, electrician, navigator, sailmaker, rigger, doctor, lawyer, pilot and philosopher."

As an amateur practitioner of all those professions, Colvin figures that having designed and built nearly 200 boats, he has been on the beach long enough. Now 48, he has put his shop and his home up for sale, put his drawing table and drafting instruments aboard ship, and is getting ready to go to sea once more in a new aluminum junk of his own design. "I'm not retiring," he insists. "But I've paid my dues ashore. I'm going sailing." Which means, as any cruising man knows, he is going back to the good life

MILESTONES

Divorced. Ali MacGraw, 34, Ivy League model turned actress, who starred in *Love Story* (TIME cover, Jan. 11, 1971) and most recently played Steve McQueen's moll in *The Getaway*; and Robert Evans, 42, vice president in charge of production at Paramount Pictures; because of irreconcilable differences; after four years of marriage, one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. George F. Getty II, 48, eldest of the four children of Billionaire J. Paul Getty, and second in command of the Getty Oil empire; of an overdose of barbiturates combined with alcohol; in Los Angeles. Named after his wildcatting grandfather, Getty began serving in the company outposts after W.W. II, and by 1958 had been named president of the Tidewater Oil Co., a Getty subsidiary. When Tidewater merged with the parent company nine years later, Getty was installed as vice president and chief operating officer of the enlarged firm.

Died. Ralph C. Body, 70, the judge who sentenced *Eros* Magazine Publisher Ralph Ginzburg to jail in 1963; of a heart attack; in Earlville, Pa. A trial lawyer in Pennsylvania for 30 years, Body was appointed a Federal judge in the eastern district of Pennsylvania by President Kennedy in 1962. For his stiff sentencing of Ginzburg (five years in jail and \$42,000 in fines on 28 counts of sending obscene matter through the mail), Judge Body was called both "a defender of common sense" and "the scourge of the free press."

Died. Arna Wendell Bontemps, 70, prolific black author and a leader of the literary movement of the '20s known as the "Harlem Renaissance"; of a heart attack; in Nashville, Tenn. The 1946 musical *St. Louis Woman*, which presented Pearl Bailey in her first Broadway role, was based on Bontemps' first novel, *God Sends Sunday*. Poems, plays and biographies flowed from Bontemps' pen, and he was a scholarly anthologist of Negro writing, which he called "the most substantial body of captivity literature in the world since the Bible."

Died. Emmy Sonnemann Göring, 80, Junoesque wife of No. 2 Nazi Hermann Göring and unofficial first lady of the Third Reich; after a long illness; in Munich. A provincial actress in her youth, she stepped into the international limelight in 1935 by becoming the second Mrs. Göring; Adolf Hitler was best man at the wedding. In 1948, two years after her husband committed suicide in prison, Frau Göring was convicted of being a Nazi and was barred from acting for five years. Unable to stage a comeback, she lived out her days in a small apartment in Munich with her only daughter, Edda, now 34.

Almost two centuries ago, Master Navigator Nathaniel Bowditch (right) wrote the "bible" for seamen like Naval Architect and Cruising Man Thomas Colvin (below).



SHOW BUSINESS

Payola Rock

After weeks of rumor mongering, the \$3 billion-a-year record industry last week was spinning toward what could become its biggest crisis since the payola scandals of the late 1950s. Though industry involvement so far has been limited to relatively minor charges against four former employees of CBS's Columbia Records, the entire record business was rocked with sensational rumors of extortion, drug deals and million-dollar embezzlements (TIME, June 11). "Everybody in the business is shaking," said one rock-'n'-roll publicist. "And let's face it. The record industry is very vulnerable."

Federal authorities would seem to agree. They have been told by CBS that Clive Davis, 41, the onetime wonder-boy president of Columbia Records, was involved in siphoning off money from the corporation by presenting phony bills. Though CBS has officially charged Davis with taking only about \$87,000 for his own use, the Government is probing an elaborate scheme in which Columbia—and perhaps other record companies—may have been bilked of many millions of dollars. Columbia Records alone reportedly lost \$2,000,000. Investigators were trying to

find out whether the Mafia had got a firm foothold in the record industry, or whether the Columbia Records scandal was an isolated incident.

The potentially explosive investigation began in February with a grand-jury indictment of a New Jersey talent agent named Pasquale Falcone, who has represented such Columbia money-makers as Sly Stone, Lynn Anderson and Tommy Cash. Indicted with him was Columbia Receptionist Francine Berger. Both were charged with involvement in a multimillion-dollar heroin-smuggling operation. As federal agents delved into Falcone's activities, they discovered that he had a sideline: a fictitious trucking firm that allegedly billed Columbia Records for services that were never performed. Among Falcone's papers, investigators found the name of David Wynshaw, director of artist relations at Columbia. A memo in Wynshaw's desk detailed—among other things—cover-ups for personal expenses of President Clive Davis. Both Davis and Wynshaw were fired for "misuse of funds," along with Anthony Rubino, director of marketing administration, who had initialed expense vouchers.

CBS emphatically denied any corporate "wrongdoings." Last week it re-



CLIVE DAVIS, CENTER, WHILE PRESIDENT OF
"I thought Simon & Garfunkel"

quested the prominent New York law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore to conduct a "thorough investigation" into "current rumors of other irregularities." Nonetheless its stock dropped to the year's low of 30% last week, down 5% points since Davis' dismissal.

In the rest of the industry, the mere mention of a record executive's name in connection with a drug indictment touched off shock waves. Indicative of industry jitters was the reaction of a

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COLUMBIA RECORDS, AT MARKETING MEETING
was a low firm."

West Coast record executive to a friend who phoned to tease him last week. "Hi," said the friend jokingly. "Do you happen to have a spare ounce of coke [cocaine]?" "I'll call you back," said the executive tersely. Minutes later he called—from a pay phone in the hall. "Are you out of your mind?" he snapped at his friend. "Has your sense of humor gone berserk?"

Actually, such a request for dope is not all that uncommon in the music

world. "A major star brings in millions to a record company," explains one radio program director. "If he says he wants some drugs, it's hardly surprising that they try to keep him happy. After all, there's only so much money they can give him, and he could get the same amount of that from another company." Record companies have always had to procure for their stars, says a music publicist. "It used to be breads for the top singers in the forties and fifties. Now it's coke, smack, grass or whatever."

Some industry insiders cautioned that the rumors, particularly about drugs, have been overblown. Others argued that Davis had been made a scapegoat. Still others contended that Davis was no favorite of New CBS President Arthur Taylor and was simply a foredoomed victim of a corporate squeeze. Davis, they added, was too intelligent a man to get himself involved in payola of any kind.

Indeed, Davis seemed an unlikely scoundrel. Until last month he was generally considered the most powerful record-company executive in the business. Last Christmas, *Rolling Stone* sent him a gag gift—a mock-up of a cover photograph of Davis with the billing, "Should the recording industry name an Emperor?" An attorney with little experience in the music field ("I thought Simon & Garfunkel was a law firm," he once noted of his pre-Columbia

days), Davis was head of Columbia's U.S. records division by 1967. Described by a former associate as "Mr. Super Straight" and "Mr. Dignity," he was nonetheless one of the few record executives to recognize the rock revolution in its early days. For his efforts, Davis last year earned \$350,000.

Though Davis has been subpoenaed by a Newark federal grand jury investigating the record industry, he has not been accused of any criminal act. CBS insisted that he had had no involvement in drugs or other wrongdoing. The corporation's only action against him has been the civil suit to recover \$87,000.

Phony Bills. In addition to Davis, the grand jury has subpoenaed the "officers" of several fictitious companies. At least four companies are suspected of serving as conduits for funds embezzled from Columbia Records. According to federal investigators, the companies exist on paper only, in order to provide phony bills for such "services" as travel and technical help. The bills then presumably were paid by Columbia as legitimate expenses.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles separate investigations of the record industry were being conducted by the FBI, the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Customs and narcotics agents. Federal investigators on both coasts were extending their probe beyond Columbia Records to take a broad look at the record industry.

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DANCE

Robbins the Romantic

Jerome Robbins is currently considered the man most likely to succeed George Balanchine as artistic guru of the New York City Ballet. Thus every new ballet by Robbins is scrutinized with particular care, to see how his choreographic talents blend with the performing skills of a company that was created by the immortal Mr. B.

To judge by his latest work, Robbins—who is reputed to be a demanding taskmaster—has a gift for drawing out the abilities of the company's dancers in a dramatic and visually effective way. *An Evening's Waltzes*, which was given

MARTIN SHAPIRO



JEROME ROBBINS AT REHEARSAL
A demanding taskmaster.









en its première by the City Ballet last month, looks fiendishly difficult in its physical demands. Yet it is being performed with such brio that the ballet has become an instant hit of the company's spring season at Lincoln Center.

No wonder. Based on a Prokofiev suite, *Waltzes* is perhaps Robbins' most sensuous and romantic ballet and, at the same time, an intellectually ingenious treatment of the possibilities inherent in this dance form. In the first four sections of the work, Robbins uses the waltz almost as a leitmotiv. In the midst of a complex variation, for instance, the corps will suddenly pace off a basic waltz step. At the finale, the stage is filled with swirling bodies, suggesting the Dionysian impulses of a dance once considered impolitely erotic.

There is a glowering intensity to the Prokofiev waltzes, as if clouds were looming over an imperial palace where a ball is being held. Ever a man of the theater, Robbins has matched the mood of this music in a work of mystery and delight.

■ John T. Elson

Merrill Lynch has some hard-to-ignore facts for investors who vowed they'd never buy common stocks again.

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General Tire \$18 per share		5.6%	12.1	4.9
Mid-Continent Telephone \$16 1/2 per share		5.8%	18.7	10.2
Middle South Utilities \$24 per share		4.6%	15.8	11.0
Mobil Oil \$45 per share		4.3%	11.3	10.7
Rockwell International³ \$26 1/2 per share		6.0%	13.0	8.3
Scovill Manufacturing \$18 per share		4.1%	14.3	8.4
Simmons \$24 per share		4.8%	16.2	10.9

Notes: Dividend yields and stock prices as of June 5, 1973. Merrill Lynch is a managing underwriter of all six public offerings by Middle South Utilities and Exxon.
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Wild Minuet

THE BLACK PRINCE

by IRIS MURDOCH

366 pages, Viking, \$7.95.

At mid-whirl in Iris Murdoch's latest witch dance, one of her characters stammers: "I didn't know ordinary educated middle-class English people could behave the way we behaved." This cry from the well-mannered heart carries across 15 novels and almost 20 years—in fact from *Under the Net*, which the author wrote in 1954.

With a perversity hardly matched since Shakespeare put an ass's head on Bottom, Miss Murdoch has made a career out of bewitching into beastliness the discreetly charming British bourgeoisie. In her neo-Gothic tales, subtle spells fill the air until respectable Londoners seem to sprout horns under their bowlers, rolled umbrellas (one would swear) resemble snakes, and good gray Anglican church towers turn primitive, not to say phallic.

Never has Oxford Philosopher Murdoch staged more perfervid rituals, or composed more coolly brilliant commentaries upon them, than in *The Black Prince*. As usual, the master spell is love. The book's narrator is a 58-year-old failed writer named Bradley Pearson. Grinding his teeth in silence, Bradley has been waiting for the moment of absolute inspiration. Nothing less will do. His cursed *Doppelgänger*, his best friend, is Arnold Baffin, a fluent hack who turns out popular novels with religious overtones while Bradley grubs away in a tax inspector's office. Freedom is the cruel lure of Murdoch nov-

els. Opting for early retirement, Bradley believes his time of freedom, his time of inspiration, has come: "I can be a great writer now." But instead of solitude and virgin-white pages covered with copperplate writing, what awaits this cold, private, very fussy man is the sublime messiness of love.

Murdoch love stories are like wild minuets: all decorum on the surface, barbaric ecstasies underneath. The magical music starts, and partners, to their own amazement, find themselves in one another's entranced arms. Just as suddenly the music stops, the trance is over. Then, just as suddenly, there are second partners all round. Before Bradley's pen can reach paper, he falls in love with Arnold's wife and, immediately after, with Arnold's 19-year-old daughter Julian.

But here is no command performance by author's fiat. *The Black Prince* is that rarest of novels, one which conveys the texture, the immediacy, the superb improbability of love as it happens. The metamorphosis of Bradley from a self-concerned prig into a dancer of the rites of spring does such full justice to the mysteries of the heart, imagination and the groin, as to seem predestined.

Poor old Bradley's brief, intense affair with Julian brings this novel—and perhaps Miss Murdoch's whole body of writing—to a high point. All the passionate Murdoch questions get passionately asked. What is the connection between love and death? Is "black Eros," as a transfigured Bradley comes to think, the artist's name for truth—the name for all the knowledge he seeks? Can the artist be defined, after all, as a lover who remembers?

The dark gods do not come cheap in Murdoch novels. A suicide and a murder occur. Most of what passes for love is "like a dream, forgotten," and this is the worst spell of all. Doomed by the very powers he has released, Bradley never does become his kind of artist, but he does become Miss Murdoch's kind of lover—a man with "a sort of certainty, perhaps the only sort."

Lover or artist? Neither or both? In the end, Bradley Pearson's designation scarcely matters, for *The Black Prince* is really the story of all souls who traffic with their demons in order to transcend, sometimes at a terrible risk, the meanness, the dullness, the lower depths of being human. Blessed are those who live to tell about it, pre-eminently Iris Murdoch. ■ Melvin Maddocks



SUSAN SCHAEFFER

Strong Sister

FALLING

by SUSAN FROMBERG SCHAEFFER

307 pages, Macmillan, \$6.95.

Falling is a rare example of an endangered fictional species—a novel about a person who happens to be a woman. Sexual politics, job rights—the whole shebang—have less immediacy for 31-year-old Elizabeth Kamen than the fact that she is a daughter, a granddaughter and one of millions of people caught in that ancient paradox, the human family. Parents love their children but do not know how to nudge them out of the nest without causing serious damage. Children love their parents but cannot leave gracefully.

Love, separations, anxiety, recriminations—the family is that perpetual-motion guilt machine, the treadmill to depression on which Elizabeth has bravely plodded. She has not had a distinguished childhood. Her father's idea of teaching her backseat car manners was to leave her stranded on a highway. She seems to have suffered more than her share of sprains and gashes.

As a young woman, Elizabeth is not particularly conscious of her body, which when finally described, turns out to be downright voluptuous. She is the kind of girl who does not know her proper dress size and will walk around with pneumonia. A bookcase falls on her in the middle of the night. Yet she has staying power and a willingness to learn. Above all, she is "drunk with a desire to lead a normal life." Elizabeth is a conventional woman, but not so conventional as to think that happiness is the most important thing in life. Although too busy living to say so, she has the classical grim view—that the



IRIS MURDOCH AT OXFORD

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BOOKS

goal of life is self-awareness, no matter what the cost.

Author Schaeffer makes readers count this cost in hard, undervalued emotional currency. It is no easy achievement, because she has chosen, or (in the event that much of *Falling* is autobiographical) has been stuck with, material long since worn to clichés—Elizabeth's immigrant Jewish grandparents, the New York middle-class scene, an unsuccessful engagement, a suicide attempt, and a prolonged psychoanalysis. Elizabeth even teaches literature and writes poetry.

The author handles all this with great credibility, tact and humor. But Elizabeth is more than a fleshed out case history because she has a strong character. For whatever reason, self-pity and the view that everyone is a victim, are not part of her makeup. Trying to be normal is very hard work. Elizabeth winds up with the philosophical and moral equivalent of dishpan hands. But she is not one to disguise expensively acquired truth under some perfumed, feminizing unguent. ■R.Z. Sheppard

The Suicide's Art

RUNAWAY HORSES

by YUKIO MISHIMA

Translated by MICHAEL GALLAGHER

421 pages. Knopf, \$7.95.

Yukio Mishima completed his trilogy, *The Sea of Fertility*, one November morning in 1970. Then he dressed himself in the somewhat Graustarkian uniform of his private army, the Shield Society, and led a group of young right-wing followers to a military headquarters in western Tokyo. There, in a violent and extravagantly eccentric display of the artist *engagé*, he broke into the commander's office, harangued some mocking soldiers from a balcony about the disgraces of fading Japanese imperial tradition, withdrew and committed hara-kiri. A companion ritually lopped off the head of Japan's most celebrated postwar literary talent, a man who had often been mentioned as a candidate for the Nobel Prize.

It was a high price to pay for an artistic effect, but Mishima's death did at least serve to endow his last works, now being published in English translation, with an eerie sense of death anticipating art. This is especially true of *Runaway Horses*, the second volume of the trilogy; for its subject is right-wing rebellion and, presented in weirdly loving detail, the beauties of *seppuku* (ritual suicide). Camus said that "suicide is something planned in the silence of the heart, like a work of art." In Mishima, for all of the peculiar sensationalism of his death, there is a shocking aesthetic correspondence between the man's art and his final act.

The luxury of fiction allowed Mishima the license of idealization difficult to discover in his actual self-destruction. His fictional suicide is Isao



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BOOKS

Iunuma, a right-wing student with an obsessional love of Samurai tradition and a hatred for the 20th century's destruction of imperial values. Iunuma enjoys an almost erotic anticipation of the moment when he will solemnly disembowel himself for the Emperor. In the 1930s, he assembles a group of similarly obsessed conspirators to plot the assassinations of Japan's leading industrialists, hoping to precipitate a general uprising against the corruption of Japan's ancient national spirit.

Iunuma's own father betrays the conspirators to the police, but because of the nationalistic sympathies the plot has aroused, the son is eventually released. Then, with his zealotry intact, Iunuma proceeds alone to his assassination target as planned, and commits the suicide he had desired—in the book's last sentence, which is touched by Mishima's lucid, kinetic imagery. "The instant that the blade tore open his flesh, the bright disk of the sun soared up and exploded behind his eyelids."

That is, of course, lurid imagery as well—blood and the imperial sun. Mishima's sensibility was at once delicate and apocalyptic. Like *Spring Snow*, the first volume of *The Sea of Fertility*, *Runaway Horses* shivers with fragile yet highly wrought detail. Here Mishima also experiments, to lovely effect, with the Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation. Iunuma, it seems, may be the reincarnation of Kiyooki Matsugae, the doomed young lover of *Spring Snow*. Entanglements—across novels and across generations—are deep and haunting. The interplay is both vertical and horizontal in time. With rich intel-

ligence, the author touches, sometimes brilliantly, on his old themes of the East's collision with the West, of rationalism and passion, thought and action.

Mishima claimed that his tetralogy contained everything he knew about life—and presumably about death. That may have been intended in part as a rationalization for his suicide, though some Japanese have suspected that he killed himself, on a crank's political pretext, because his creative powers were failing. Western readers will have to wait for the rest of the tetralogy to make a judgment. The first two works are sometimes stunningly good; yet in both there is an odd moral frigidity, a special chill evident in his earlier works as well. For all his gifts, Mishima seems to have written too often with the deadpan menace of the kendo expert he was—a tense restraint broken only by a violence that is curiously narcissistic. Even his flamboyant suicide may not be enough to endow his works with the human blood they lack. ■Lance Morrow

Clueless in Washington

FACING THE LIONS

by TOM WICKER

432 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

When Benjamin Disraeli wrote *Sybil* and Henry Adams wrote *Democracy*, they invented the novel of politics with wit, coherent political philosophy and some insight into the great worlds of London or Washington in which they moved. In the century since, the novel of politics has come a long way—straight down. But the reader's fascination with power continues, and those Washington journalists who grope into fiction are as prolific as all get-out: Allen Drury, Fletcher Knebel, and now Tom Wicker, worthy liberal columnist for the *New York Times* and formerly chief of its Washington bureau.

In his first attempt at a novel, Wicker tells about a liberal Senator from the South. The poor chap is driven into trying for the presidential nomination by his enigmatic wife ("eyes of the smoky lambent blue that drifts mistily on soft Southern mountains"). Inevitably, the events are recollected by a veteran Washington correspondent, one Richmond P. Morgan ("The Professional," in Wicker's chest-thumping epithet), who got his start covering the Senator's first campaign. Inevitably too, Morgan is now the lover of the Senator's smoky, lambent wife, as well as bureau chief for an unnamed but very important Northern newspaper not easily confused with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

What is most depressing about such Washington novels is not the clichés they share but the things they leave out. Though written by men who really do understand that most self-consciously political of cities, the books nonetheless have no genuine politics in them. *Facing the Lions*, for instance, offers no visible lions, no identifiable martyrs. It



NOVELIST TOM WICKER

The same typewriter?

does not once mention the Democratic or Republican parties, names no President since Lincoln, no state, and no other city besides Washington. It exists in a world without war, with no Indochina, no other foreign place except the Riviera, no trace of foreign policy, and no civil rights or any other domestic problem. Wicker's Senator Hunt Anderson is said to have made his crusading reputation on the issue of East Coast migrant farm labor, but no word appears about labor unions, strikes, boycotts or worker leadership.

Wicker's recent columns, with Wattergate to swing on, have been so much better than his novel that it is hard to believe both emerged from the same typewriter. ■Horace Judson



YUKIO MISHIMA
Holding a mirror up to death.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (1 last week)
- 2—Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut (2)
- 3—Sleeping Beauty, Macdonald (4)
- 4—Evening in Byzantium, Shaw (3)
- 5—The Matlock Paper, Ludlum (5)
- 6—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (6)
- 7—The Odessa File, Forsyth (7)
- 8—A Touch of Danger, Jones
- 9—The World of Apelles, Cheever
- 10—Law and Order, Uhnak (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (1)
- 2—Laughing All the Way, Hawar (3)
- 3—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (2)
- 4—Serpico, Moas
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (6)
- 6—Sybil, Schreiber (7)
- 7—The Implosion Conspiracy, Nizer (4)
- 8—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (10)
- 9—Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead, Lindbergh (9)
- 10—The Life & Death of Adolf Hitler, Payne (5)

INTRODUCING ULTRADYNE II. AMERICA'S MOST REVOLUTIONARY CLUB FROM AMERICA'S MOST TRADITIONAL CLUBMAKER.



At Walter Hagen, we don't take the introduction of a new club lightly. Especially when it's the most advanced club we've ever made.

We designed the Ultradyne II to incorporate many of the most significant design innovations of the last decade.

We didn't set a deadline for the club's introduction. Because we wanted to have time to produce them with the same careful, handcraftsmanship golfers expect from Walter Hagen.

Now the Ultradyne II clubs are ready.

Designed to help you play a better game than ever before.

And crafted in the meticulous Walter Hagen way.

THE IRON SERIES

To help you improve your game, we've expanded the sweet spot of the Ultradyne II irons horizontally through a unique over-the-hosel design.

We've removed inefficient weight by combining our over-the-hosel design with a drilled-out hosel. This lets us redistribute weight along the sole and out toward the toe. To increase the sweet spot horizontally. While retaining the classic look and feel of an over-the-hosel club.

We've also expanded the sweet spot vertically through a refinement of the famous Ultradyne rollback design. This new, larger and heavier rollback is precisely placed on each iron to keep the weight behind the ball no matter what loft the iron.

Needless to say, our investment cast Ultradyne II irons are still made with the same handcraftsmanship and rigorous attention to detail that we've used for more than four decades.

In all, each iron goes through a total of over 40 manufacturing and inspection steps—a regimen seldom seen in today's automated world.

THE WOOD COLLECTION

To help you play a better game, we've employed the optimum method of wood club weighting: Foreweighting.

This moves the center of gravity of the club head in line with the axis of the shaft to help keep the shaft from twisting in a powerful downswing. So the club face is less likely to open, close or slide through the ball at impact. Giving you a better chance of meeting the ball squarely.

Of course, the same tradition of craftsmanship is reflected in the woods as it is in the irons. In all, we take more than 80 individual steps—

many by hand—to make each Ultradyne II wood club.

It's our way of assuring you that each wood club and wood set conforms to our exacting standards of craftsmanship.

The new Ultradyne II clubs—all with Counter-Torque shafts—are the



most advanced clubs ever made by Walter Hagen.

But there is only one sure way you can learn what they can do for your game.

And that is to see them and try them at the only place they are available. Your professional golf shop.

ULTRADYNE II

FROM

Walter Hagen

DOES STANDARD OIL REALLY HAVE TO ALLOCATE GASOLINE?

A PROGRESS REPORT
ON THE GASOLINE
SHORTAGE

Recently, Standard Oil started allocating gasoline and other petroleum products. By allocating, we mean assigning limits to the amount of products we will supply to each of our dealers, jobbers and agents based on their past usage. This decision to allocate came reluctantly after hard, careful study. It seems to us to be the best alternative to assure orderly and fair distribution of our available supply. We think the American public has the right to know the facts behind this decision.

Primarily, the situation is this: demand has outstripped our country's crude oil supply. (Even though Standard Oil refineries are running well ahead of last year. And at practical maximum with available crude.)

This situation was caused by an unusually heavy demand for gasoline early this year, preventing the oil industry from building the inventories that will be needed in the summer months. (The nationwide demand for gasoline this summer is expected to increase by 7% over last year. With demand for Standard products likely to be even higher.)

What's more, domestic crude supplies are short. And growing shorter. And foreign crude availability isn't up to the level this country needs right now.

And so we reasoned that if we started right now to distribute our supply fairly and equitably, we could maintain a steady balanced supply. And avoid any long term widespread runout situations.

While we are coping with the shortage, we want to assure you we are doing all we can to get gasoline to you.

We're exploring for oil the world over. Increasing our pipeline and refining capabilities. Developing new processes that will increase our yield. And importing more foreign crude than ever before — as expensive as it is.

With our allocation procedure and our continuing drive to produce more product we think the first steps toward easing the current situation have been taken.

But we can't do it all alone. We need everyone's help. Industry's. Government's. Yours.

Yours, by conserving gasoline. In fact, if every American used one less gallon every week, there'd be no shortage.

So, keep your car tuned and serviced. (It can increase your gasoline mileage up to 10%.) Combine trips. Form car pools.

And, above all, slow down. If you drive at 50 miles per hour instead of 60, you can save about one gallon in ten.

Does Standard Oil really have to allocate gasoline?

Yes, and all of us may have to get by with a little less for a while, so there'll be enough to go around.



"This is the summit line between the fire that raged over 600 acres of Montana forest. The road, which was built to help firefighters, is the line between the fire and the forest. The road is the line between the fire and the forest."

Some people think roads ruin forests.

But not anyone who's tried to fight a fire in one.

A fire out of control in a forest without roads is almost impossible to stop. Unless you quickly build a road.

The best way is to bulldoze a 15-ft. wide road, or fire line, right across the path of the fire. And then start a fire backwards toward the oncoming fire. When the two fires meet, it's under control.

Another thing you can do is drop in smoke jumpers. They can dig a fire line. But theirs will be only about 18 inches wide. Not really wide enough to keep sparks from jumping across. And they can't dig as fast as a man can walk. Bulldozers can.

Unfortunately, in some forests it's unlawful to bulldoze fire lines. As a result, fires in these areas can sometimes be devastating. Because about the only thing that's really effective is a change in the weather.

But in the 57 million acres we take care of, we've built and maintain thousands of miles of roads. So when a lightning fire starts, two men in a pickup truck can usually put it out. Or if necessary, we can send huge, water-filled pumper trucks.

And those roads come in handy when vacationers want to fish or camp alongside some of our lakes and streams.

In fact, when it comes to getting along with Nature, there's a very important concept that St. Regis believes in.

Nature will cooperate with man, if man learns to cooperate with Nature.

ST REGIS

During a lightning storm in Montana forests, as many as 100 fires start each year. But thanks to our roads, most are quickly controlled.

When a lightning fire starts in Montana forests, it can be stopped if it is caught early. St. Regis Forest Service is ready to help.



The scorching heat of day for forest fire-fighters is from noon to 6 o'clock. Then the heat of the sun makes an updraft that carries the fire up the mountain. If you can't get closer in to make a bare fire line across the path of the fire, it's almost impossible to stop.

Since 1909, St. Regis Forest Service has been a part of the St. Regis, and now the government, and has been a part of the St. Regis Forest Service since 1909. It is a part of the St. Regis Forest Service and is a part of the St. Regis Forest Service.

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ST. REGIS FOREST SERVICE
ST. REGIS, MONTANA
ST. REGIS, MONTANA

The Pentecostal Tide

The crowd in Notre Dame stadium, 25,000 strong, sang and murmured prayers in the muggy June heat. In the distance, growing louder, came the sound of more singing. Then, from the tunnel where Notre Dame's football team charges onto the field, strode a score of men in suits and sports coats, carrying bright banners: KING OF CREATION. JESUS IS THE WAY. HOSANNA. After them marched two long files of priests, more than 600 in all, clad in white robes and clerical stoles. The applause swelled to a roar. At the end of the procession walked eight Roman Catholic bishops and a cardinal of the church, resplendent in red chasubles. "Alleluia, alleluia!" came an outburst of singing. "Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord. My Redeemer, my Redeemer."

No evangelical event quite like this has been seen in the troubled Roman Catholic Church in recent years, but the ceremonies at Notre Dame last week made it clear that the fastest-growing force within the church is that of the Pentecostals—or, as many prefer to be called, Charismatics. Originating as an off-campus prayer group at Pittsburgh's Duquesne University in early 1967, the movement attracted only 90 people to its first Notre Dame meeting that year. The number multiplied rapidly at each succeeding conference, and the 25,000 attending this year represented only a fraction of the overall number of Catholic Pentecostals. There are probably more than 200,000 of them in the U.S. today, organized in more than 1,100 prayer groups. The movement has taken root in foreign countries more recently and is growing even faster.

Spirit Baptism. Catholic Charismatics form the third major group of Pentecostal believers. All take their basic inspiration from the first descent of the Holy Spirit to enlighten the Apostles after Jesus' ascension into heaven. The "classical" Pentecostal denominations, like the Assemblies of God, grew up around the turn of the century and are by far the largest group—some 2.4 million in the U.S. alone. A "Neo-Pentecostal" movement has developed over the past 20 years within mainstream Protestant churches—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Lutheran—and is still spreading. While differences persist, all three groups believe in the necessity of a personal "Baptism in the Holy Spirit" in order to lead a fully Christian life. The initiate undergoes this "Spirit Baptism" by visiting a Pentecostal meeting at which other participants join in a laying on of hands. For Catholics, this is not a new sacrament, nor does it supersede the rituals of Baptism and Confirmation; rather, as a Charismatic bishop says, it "makes them operative."

Once the Pentecostalist has gone

through this mystical commitment, he acquires one or more of the "charisms" that St. Paul described in *1 Corinthians*: such spiritual gifts as the ability to "prophesy" (not predicting events, but uttering spiritual messages from God), the power to heal, and, perhaps most controversial of all, the ability to speak in "tongues," known technically as glossolalia. The weird sounds of glossolalia, a primitive kind of communication, either spoken or sung and without any apparent meaning, disturb Christians outside the movement. Among Charismatics, though, glossolalia has two functions—private devotion and public prayer or prophecy.

Catholic Pentecostalism is notably less emotional than the classical Protestant form. There is less reliance on the literal interpretation of biblical prophecies, less emphasis on the imminence of a Second Coming. Catholic Pentecostals also insist that they are completely loyal to the church, but they consider a continuing renewal essential.

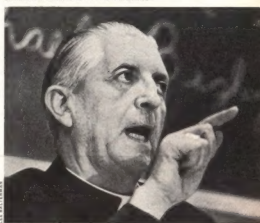
The movement won powerful new support at the Notre Dame conference. It came from Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens, the Primate of Belgium and one of the most progressive voices in the church's hierarchy. It was his personal intervention on the floor of Vatican II that helped sway council opinion to the view that the gifts of the Holy Spirit are not exclusively experiences of ancient Christianity but a continuing force in the modern church as well. Suenens was greatly impressed by the fervor of the Pentecostal phenomenon during a tour of the U.S. last year, and returned this spring for a visit to U.S. Charismatic centers. Though he is still a staunch champion of "co-responsibility" of the bishops with the Pope, Suenens now emphasizes that structural reforms must be accompanied by spiritual renewal. "The gifts of the spirit are giv-

en especially to build up the Christian community," he told the stadium crowd at Notre Dame. "After Vatican II we had to make a series of reforms, and we must continue to do so. But it is not enough to change the body. We need to change the soul to renew the church and the face of the earth."

Is Suenens himself a Charismatic? He has said that he is "personally involved" in the movement, but when TIME asked him specifically whether he had received the Holy Spirit Baptism at a Charismatic prayer meeting, he declined to answer, saying that his private spiritual life was "too delicate."

Still, the cardinal's support was unequivocal. He conceded that there could be excess among the Pentecostals, noting that "when you light a lamp in the darkness, you will draw some mosquitoes." But he praised the leaders for their "sound theology, common sense and wisdom." Indeed, he said, the Pentecostal renewal is "not a movement. It is a current of grace... growing fast everywhere in the world. I feel it coming, and I see it coming." And to the stadium crowd: "You are in such a special way the people of God."

CARDINAL SUENENS AT NOTRE DAME



PRIESTS IN PENTECOSTAL PROCESSION



PICASSO'S WORKS OF THE PAST TWO YEARS HANG FOR SUMMER FESTIVAL IN THE PAPAL CHAPEL, AVIGNON

ART

Picasso's Worst

The opening day of Pablo Picasso's last exhibition of new works resembled a French state funeral: a crowd whispering and shuffling beneath the lofty medieval arches of the papal chapel in Avignon, orations, bereaved friends; and afternoon light, the color of dusty honey, sifting in benediction through the lancet windows.

The centerpiece of the summer's Avignon Festival, *L'Exposition Picasso* consists of 201 paintings. They date from September 1970 to June 1972, and may be said to form Picasso's last testament as an artist. The show bears signs of haste. The installation is confused, the catalogue scrappy, and its preface, by René Char, is a tangle of the glutinous verbiage that some French poets exude like silkworms when in the Spanish presence. Nevertheless, the exhibition will certainly be a tourist success. These are, after all, the last Picassos. They are also the worst. It seems hardly imaginable that so great a painter could have whipped off, even in old age, such hasty and superficial doodles. One enters in homage and leaves in embarrassment.

There are several ways of skirting this disagreeable fact. The first is to remind oneself of Picasso's energy, which stayed with him right to the end. That in itself is impressive: Don Juan at 91, creakily fornicating with his succession of blank canvases, struggling and failing, but then struggling again to transform the too compliant image into a shield against death.

Another is, so to speak, iconograph-

ic: you can trace the motifs—the women and children, the reclining lovers, the readers and satyrs—and observe in what relationship they stand to the rest of Picasso's long dialogue with such themes. Unfortunately, none of this makes the paintings themselves any better. Under the pressure of haste, the Picassian style became a parody and at last a forgery of itself.

There is, for instance, a whole group of bullfighters whose shapes, except for a brusque vitality of placement that was always Picasso's hallmark and never quite left his fist, might almost have been produced by David Stein, Elmyr de Hory, or some other moderately gifted faker. Every artist has the right to his own clichés, but the last Picassos are only startling as cliché.

No Reality. The famous line seems to have had very little left to describe. By a cruel paradox, a painter who was the master of visual sensation—able to pack more concrete feeling of weight, rotation, sharpness, elasticity and vibration, color or smell into a shape than any other man of his time—found himself, at the end, painting with only the most tenuous relationship to the world. There is no observed or experienced reality in Picasso's last works, only an enfeebled meditation on style.

Looping and chopping its way through the repertory of shorthand for the human face and figure that he himself had developed decades before, Picasso's brush encountered no resistances. The twisting and displacement of a torso or an ear, the mock-cubist overlapping and profiling related to nothing except earlier paintings that he had

made but seemed to have half forgotten. The drama of assimilation, of that prehensile eye clawing at the world's very guts, dissolved. He ran out of subjects and fell back as never before on stock dummies—troglodytic clowns and kidney-profiled women who now and then remind one that the man who painted them also made *Guernica* and *Girl Before a Mirror*.

The bullfighters (stuck in permanent fantasy, clutching their swords in one hand and their naked *majas* in the other) seem to be done in some spirit of homage to Goya, but they are not a homage that Goya would have accepted: they are too badly painted, sentimental and cursory for that. Thus, losing his specificity, Picasso had literally nothing left to paint.

What remained for him was the fact of painting, the reflex actions of being a painter—turning out canvases rather as a scalp, having no choice in the matter, grows hair. The subjects are only nominal, shallow receptacles for Picasso's prodigious instinct to survive. Their existence owes itself to fate, not to necessity. In this way, Picasso's last show is a depressing commentary on the idea that it is better to paint anything than nothing: two years of silence would have rounded off that singular life better than these calamitous daubs. Yet in its way, the Avignon show may perform some service to Picasso's reputation. It is hard to see it and retain as workable the myth that everything he painted was touched with genius, and of importance. Unlike Titian or Michelangelo, Picasso failed in old age. To perceive this is to be freed, to some extent, of the hagiographic icing that still obscures him. But it does not reduce the dimensions of his actual achievement.

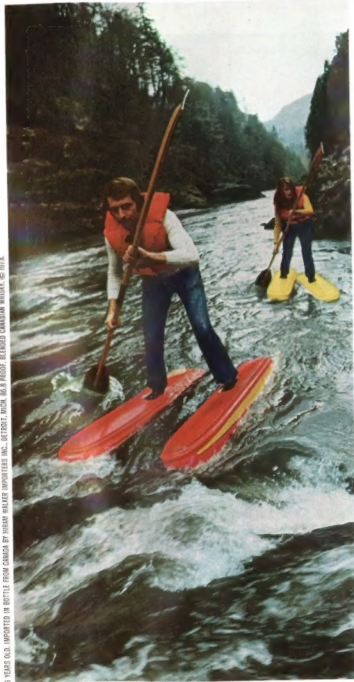
■ Robert Hughes

"John and I found skiing the Alpine rapids sort of like walking on water during a hurricane."



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